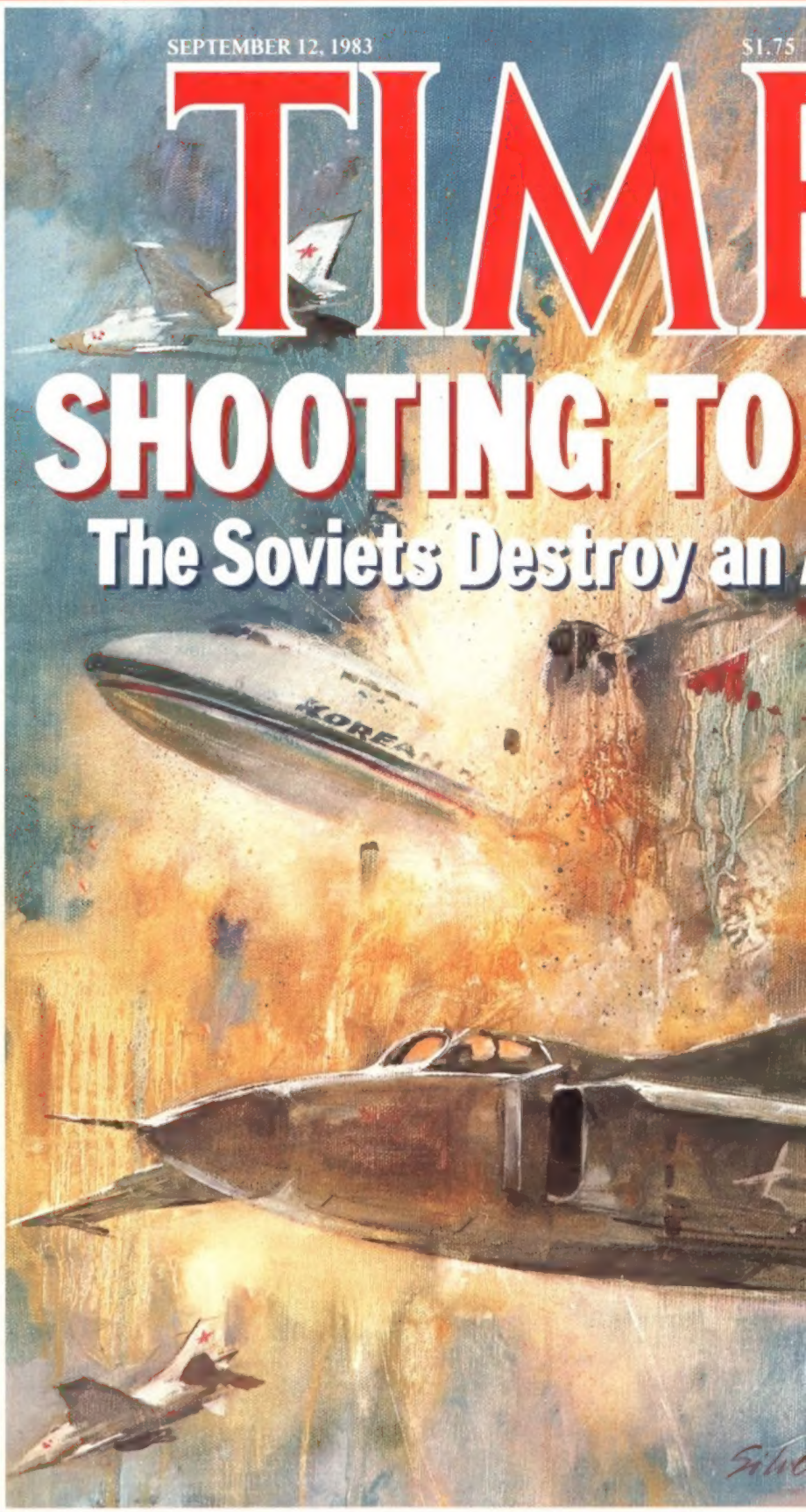
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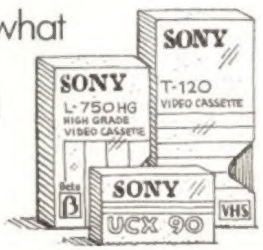

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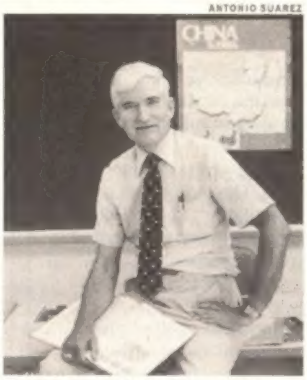
SEPTEMBER 12, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 11 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"The New Immigrants." "The Presidency in Perspective." "China in the '80s." Though these course titles do not appear on any formal high school or college curriculum this fall, more than 3,000 teachers across the country will be presenting them nonetheless. They are among the 50 teaching units made available by the TIME Education Program. Under the program, when students subscribe to the magazine at a reduced rate, their teachers receive a wide selection of teaching aids that can include TIME story reprints, maps and charts, and a cassette or filmstrip.

The program, available for more than three decades, this year has more than 100,000 students enrolled. Recently, the range of materials it distributes to make TIME a more effective teaching tool has been greatly expanded. Says Program Manager Nanci Silverman: "We want to make it easy for teachers to use the magazine as a textbook, or in any other way they wish." Media Management Services Inc., a management consulting firm in Yardley, Pa., surveyed thousands of teachers for their reactions to the program and suggestions for materials. As a result, new research, writing and vocabulary skill-building units have been added, and TIME "capsules" of stories from the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s have been introduced.

ANTONIO SUAREZ



East Hampton High School's Barry

The teachers in the program adapt the materials and the magazine to their own needs in surprisingly varied ways. American Studies Teacher William Di George of Ewing Township High School, N.J., mounts some 90 TIME covers on his classroom bulletin boards to impart a personal view of current history; for quizzes, he masks the identifications and asks his students to name the subjects and discuss their roles in events. East Hampton, N.Y., Social Studies Teacher Jim Barry has devised a current-events contest in which teams compete for points by answering questions from a given week's issue. Evelyn Robinson, a professor at Southeastern Louisiana University's education department, finds that TIME not only develops vocabulary and critical reading skills, but fills gaps in her students' education by exposing them to subject matter they would encounter nowhere else. Professor Arthur Beringause of Bronx Community College has had similar results: "My freshman and remedial composition students, mostly from deprived backgrounds, know the magazine is aimed at educated, sophisticated people. When they find they can handle the material and learn from it, they feel reassured about themselves." No education program could ask for more.

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Burt Silverman

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Cover: Soviet fighters shoot down a Korean airliner, killing 269 people and touching off one of the strangest and least expected confrontations between the superpowers in the annals of U.S. postwar diplomacy. *See* NATION.

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Living: Some Italian chefs are abandoning their classic recipes for *la nuova cucina*, which features raw or steamed vegetables, exotic combinations and pretty (but small) portions. Critics say that the new style is nothing but French.

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Are the media giving us the facts?

3. The myth of the crusading reporter

The movie "All The President's Men" epitomized what investigative reporters could aspire to be. The film lifted mere mortal reporters into the constellation of mythic media heroes, portraying the journalists as white knights sallying forth against wrongdoing and influence.

In truth, Watergate ushered in a new era of investigative journalism, and crusading reporters quickly turned their sights on business. The problem was, the energy crisis and many subsequent business stories did not fit into the Watergate framework: Reality did not conform to the media mythology. Racing into print or on the air with rumors, charges and countercharges did not illuminate the true nature of the issues for the public. In their blind rush to expose, the media often lost sight of their responsibility to inform.

Taken together, the myth of the crusading reporter and the myth of the villainous businessman suggest a David-vs.-Goliath scenario in which an investigative journalist goes after corruption in business. In actuality, however, the roles are much the reverse of the popular perception. The journalist has control of the confrontation, more often than not with the financial backing of a highly profitable communications corporation. As noted by South Dakota Senator Larry Pressler, "such (media) conglomerates as CBS; Time, Inc.; Dow-Jones; Knight-Ridder; Gulf & Western; Gannett; Newhouse; Scripps-Howard ... are nearly pure monopolies in our society."

The journalist has the power to shape the agenda, edit the story and place it prominently before the public eye. He has instant access to scores of publicity-hungry critics of business, and to a whole roster of "usually reliable sources," "top-ranking officials," and others of that anonymous ilk who can say things they don't have to prove or defend. If he is a TV reporter, he even has power to "get" the businessman with an "ambush interview," in which reporter and cameraman descend on their subject and badger him with accusatory questions.

The rush to beat the competition with ever-more sensational exposés can lead to shoddy, libelous and even fictitious reporting. When reporters become crusaders, they can lose their objectivity and tend to turn a deaf ear toward evidence that contradicts the thesis on which their "exposés" hinge.

Given their great power to shape public opinion, journalists have the responsibility to take a hard look at themselves—to ensure that they are truly open-minded. Disturbingly, research undertaken by Professors Stanley Rothman of Smith College and Robert and Linda Lichter of George Washington University indicates that leading reporters and editors of major newspapers and television networks have distinct hostilities toward businessmen, and that the upcoming generation of journalists is even more hostile.

Among the upcoming journalists, members of the "TV generation," only one-quarter of the Columbia School of Journalism students interviewed by Rothman and the Lichters believe that the private enterprise system is fair, and almost 40% advocate public ownership of corporations.

No one would question the right of reporters to hold the political beliefs of their choice. But if they use the press to "crusade" on behalf of these beliefs, reporting selectively instead of comprehensively, they do the public a great disservice.

Next: The myth of the open airwaves

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Letters

Black Power

To the Editors:

Congratulations on your coverage of Jesse Jackson and his attempt to mobilize black voters for the presidential election of 1984 [Aug. 22]. Jackson represents a rallying point for all voters disillusioned with the status quo of American politics. His dedication to fulfilling the dreams of Martin Luther King Jr. should remind Americans of their obligation to ensure equality of representation for everyone, regardless of color or station in life.

Bill Graves
Brady, Texas

Jesse Jackson and other black leaders are being lauded for encouraging blacks to support black political candidates, who will of course be sympathetic to their needs. Yet if white leaders encouraged whites to support white candidates for the advancement of their race, they would not be lauded, but be accused of racism. What this country needs is a joint effort to improve the lot of all people, not one race at the expense of another.

Gary P. Matregrano
Fairfield, Conn.

Jesse Jackson is intelligent, impartial and impressive. He commands respect in the U.S. and abroad. America could do a whole lot worse than elect him its Commander in Chief. I hope the Democratic leaders have the good sense to recognize quality and select Jackson as their presidential candidate. I might even go back to the polls myself.

Judith Reiffel
Berlin

A black presidential candidate is an idea long overdue. But Jesse Jackson as President is an idea whose time will never come.

Elizabeth Stivers
Atlanta

The idea of a black running for President is highly premature, considering that there are no black Governors or Senators, which is where the majority of our Presidents have come from. Electing a qualified black will be hard enough; electing an unqualified one like the Rev. Jesse Jackson would be impossible. The funds, time and effort being spent in a vain attempt to elect Jackson could be put to better use in a Senator's or Governor's race.

William Holmes
Galveston, Texas

Barbarous Jails

The excellent firsthand account "Inside Castro's Prisons" [Aug. 15] by Armando Valladares is a rewarding sign of the strength of true democracy and a free press. The inhuman conditions of Castro's jails either have not been permitted to be reported objectively in the American news media or have been shouted down by the well-oiled and lavishly financed international Marxist left. You have shown bravery and independence in publishing this touching narration.

Sergio López-Mesa
San Pedro, Calif.

Thank you! After 25 years of Castroism ravaging the nation of my birth, someone finally had the courage to publish the truth.

Salvador Gonzalez Longoria Jr.
Gretna, La.

Your terrifying look inside Castro's prisons is a perfect illustration of why left-wing revolutionaries must not be allowed to shoot their way into power in El Salvador.

Michael Alex
Glendora, Calif.

Your article on Castro's prisons summarizes quite well some of the terrible atrocities committed by the Cuban dictator and his regime. However, it is only a glimpse of the ruthless methods being applied by Communist rulers around the world to attain and maintain their power. Let us be aware of what is occurring to mankind and start doing something about it.

Theodore A. Irra
Berwyn, Ill.

Assessing the Council

Richard N. Ostling's article on the sixth assembly of the World Council of Churches in Vancouver, B.C. [Aug. 22], sized up the situation exactly. I attended, and it was good to see the W.C.C.'s decidedly anticapitalist bent exposed with the use of solid facts.

Brad K. Gsell
Philadelphia

I was an accredited visitor at the sixth assembly of the World Council of Churches, and as near as I am able to ascertain, your reporter must have attended a different meeting. The assembly was the most exciting event of my lifetime. It is too bad your reporter missed the whole event.

Douglas T. Ibach
Reston, Va.

Have the spiritual leaders of the worldwide Protestant community so lost their perspective that they are willing to trade their integrity for the approbation of a few Soviet lackeys? How can they look at the plight of the millions of Soviet citizens who have been imprisoned or denied freedom of worship and dare to compare that nation's policies favorably with ours? We may not be perfect, but as a people we have a great respect for justice and integrity.

Barbara J. Kantz
Greenwich, Conn.

Your report fails to recognize the universal aspect of the Christian faith. The World Council of Churches is not a propaganda arm of either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. It is to be commended for the way it remains free of the influence of nationalistic political and economic systems that continually seek to hold it in bondage.

Alton M. Motter
Williamsport, Pa.

Baseball Heaven

As a baseball fan for half a century, I dispute Tom Callahan's contention that we all depreciate present-day stars in favor of those from our youth [Aug. 22]. I rate Johnny Bench ahead of Mickey Cochrane, Bill Dickey and Roy Campanella. I rate Strikeout Artist Nolan Ryan above Bob Feller, Dizzy Dean and Sandy Koufax. And I rate Callahan's pithy, disciplined but delicious piece on the waning golden age above any single article I have ever read by Grantland Rice or Red Smith. So, Tom, don't go around prejudging us as prejudgers! Hear?

Howard E. Quirk
Montclair, N.J.

I cannot believe you would put Reggie Jackson with the future Hall of Famers. He's a poor fielder, poor runner, a .269 lifetime hitter, and right now he is batting only .213. Sure, they call him "Mr. October," and for two weeks out of a six-month season he gets hot. But Reggie's nickname has become more of an insult than an accolade.

Stan Lichtenstein
Oakland, Calif.

You were remiss in not including the veteran pitcher for the Atlanta Braves, Phil Niekro, 44, among the potential candidates. His knuckleball still fools many hitters.

Michael D. Davis
Chamblee, Ga.

AFTER TWO STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS, JAN SMITH STILL WONDERS IF HE HAS A FUTURE IN COACHING.

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And thanks!

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Letters

First, Home-Run Hitter Harmon ("Killer") Killebrew, then your twelve.

Mike Demmer
Buffalo, Minn.

Beauty and the News

Kudos to TV Journalist Christine Craft and her attorney [Aug. 22]. Years ago, television's supergroomed plastic dolls with their baked-on smiles drove me to radio for news programs, and I plan to stay there. To me, Craft's photographs convey intelligence and humanity, and I very much like her looks.

Wilma Bradley
Seattle

Newscasting is show business, not journalism. Thousands of people can read the news equally well. The only way to distinguish among them is to hire the ones with the most sex appeal. Neither Diane Sawyer nor Connie Chung would have her job if she were an ugly old man. You don't hear them complain about discrimination. Nor will you until a couple of cuter, younger chicks displace them.

John Bartlett
Manassas, Va.

People who delude themselves into thinking that beauty qualifies someone to be a news expert are the same ones who believe that Lauren Bacall knows coffee and Joe Namath is an actor.

Harold M. Molter
Saginaw, Mich.

Communicating

As one who has spent a career analyzing and dealing with the complexity of international conflict, I was more surprised than pleased to see myself identified in Charles Krauthammer's Essay [Aug. 15] as believing that all international problems are simple, requiring no more than communication to solve them. Clearly, that alone is not enough to reduce conflict, but it can be remarkably helpful. You oversimplified my views.

Roger Fisher
Cambridge, Mass.

Friendly Byte

I rejoice that adults are packing to go to computer camps [Aug. 22]. As a 15-year-old computer owner, I am sick and tired of trying to explain to my parents the difference between RAM and ROM. Adults should realize that computers do not bite. They just help save time, if you let them.

Neil Uchitel
Los Angeles

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

One wants to catch a rich husband
the other to catch up on the sexual revolution.
They have a friendship you'll never forget.

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- Crankshaft Position
- Engine Coolant Temp.
- Amount of O_2 in Exhaust Gas

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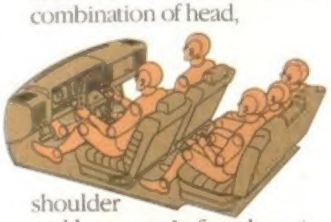

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*The above estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower. See your Ford Dealer for a copy of the Gas Mileage Guide when available.

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Ford

TIME/ SEPTEMBER 12, 1983

COVER STORY

Atrocity In the Skies

The Soviets shoot down a civilian airliner

Angry at Soviet "violence and intimidation," Reagan prepares to return to Washington

The electronic bleeps and snatches of recorded radio communications told a story that technicians and intelligence officers, working in Tokyo, at first could not believe. But as they sifted and sorted through the millions of bits of data that are automatically collected and stored by computers, the chilling conclusion became more and more inescapable, and they notified Washington. Finally, at 7:10 a.m. Pacific Daylight Time, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese put in an urgent call to Ronald Reagan, who was vacationing at his ranch in the hills near Santa Barbara, Calif. The mystery of a missing South Korean jetliner that had strayed over Soviet territory, said Meese, had been solved: 17 hours earlier Korean Air Lines Flight 007 had been cold-bloodedly blasted out of the skies by a missile-firing Soviet interceptor, with an all but certain loss of 269 lives.

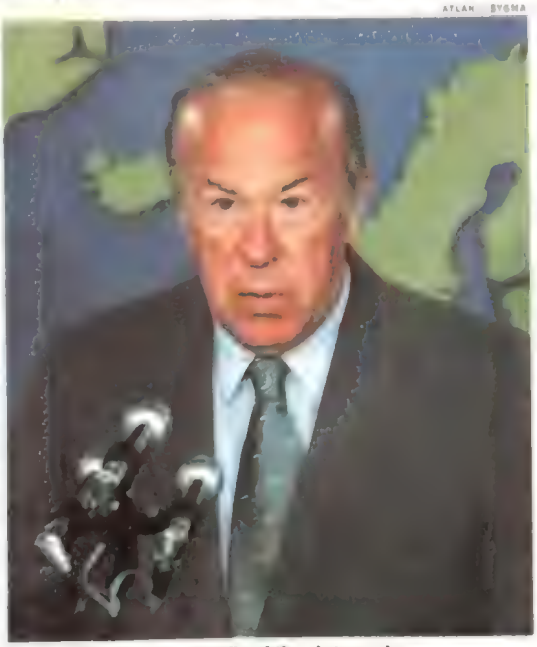
Thus began one of the strangest and least expected confrontations between the superpowers in the annals of U.S. postwar diplomacy. Though the aircraft so wantonly destroyed near the Soviet island of Sakhalin was not American, the distinction scarcely mattered: Flight 007 had left from U.S. territory and carried at least 61 American passengers, including a U.S. Congressman. The incident, moreover, seemed to be a crime against all humanity, a violation of the most fundamental rules of the air on which all the nations of the world, including the Soviet Union, depend in the busy, crowded skies of the jet age. "Attacking an unarmed civilian plane," said Republican Congressman Thomas F. Hartnett of South Carolina, "is like attacking a school bus."

Stunned by both the senselessness of the attack and the Soviets' blatant lack of repentance, Reagan loosed a withering diplomatic barrage in Moscow's direction. First he directed Secretary of State George Shultz to go on television with a documentary account of the last hours and minutes of Flight 007. Then in the space of a few hours he announced not once but twice that he was cutting short his California holiday—first by two days, then by three—as his determination to confer personally with the National Security Council in Washington grew more urgent. Just before boarding Air Force One for the trip back to Washington, a grim Reagan mounted an outdoor podium and read an extraordinary statement. Calling the Soviet attack a "barbaric act," the President implied that it reflected baser motives than even the 1979 U.S.S.R. invasion of Afghanistan. "While events in Afghanistan and elsewhere have left few illusions about the willingness of the Soviet Union to advance its interests through violence and intimidation, all of us had hoped that certain irreducible standards of civilized behavior nonetheless obtained," he declared. "But this event shocks the sensibilities of people everywhere."

Noting that "where human life is valued, extraordinary efforts are extended to preserve and protect it," Reagan declared that every civilized society must "ask searching questions about the nature of regimes where such standards do not apply." He asked pointedly of the Soviet Union: "What can we think of a regime that so broadly trumpets its vision of peace and global disarmament and yet so callously and quickly commits a terrorist act to sacrifice the lives of innocent human beings?"

His anger and the world's outrage were augmented beyond the deed itself by Moscow's sullen and specious responses to the unequivocal evidence of what had happened. After remaining virtually silent on the matter for almost two days, the Soviet Union finally issued a labored account of an "unidentified plane" that had "rudely violated the state border and intruded deep into the Soviet Union's airspace." TASS admitted that Soviet interceptors had "fired warning shots and tracer shells along the flying route of the plane," but refused to acknowledge shooting it down.

TASS implied that the U.S. had



George Shultz giving details of the air tragedy

"No cover-up . . . can absolve the Soviet Union."

planned the course deviations that took Flight 007 into Soviet territory, since "relevant U.S. services followed the flight throughout its duration in the most attentive manner." Hinting that the jetliner was on a spy mission, it added, "So one may ask that if it were an ordinary flight of a civil aircraft . . . then why were there not taken any steps from the American side to end the gross violation of the airspace of the U.S.S.R.?" TASS said that "leading circles" in the Soviet Union express "regret" over the loss of life, but the news agency dismissed the worldwide uproar over the attack as mere "hullabaloo."

Shultz's reply was quick, angry and scornful: "No cover-up, however brazen or elaborate, can . . . absolve the Soviet Union of its responsibility to explain its behavior."

He was echoed a few hours later at an emergency meeting of the United Nations Security Council by Charles Lichenstein, the U.S. acting permanent representative. "Let us call the crime for what it is, wanton, calculated, deliberate murder," he said. While the Soviet delegate, Richard S. Ovinnikov stared icily into space, Lichenstein spelled out what "we might expect a normal, civilized government" to do in the event of a tragedy like that of Flight 007, including the admission of responsibility and the undertaking of steps to ensure that it never happens again. For its part, the Soviet Union is simply "lying—openly, brazenly and knowingly. It is the face of a ruthless totalitarian state." Ovinnikov, declaring the session "unjustifiable," proceeded to read the TASS account of the episode to delegates.

Overseas, the reaction was no less emphatic. At least four West European governments summoned Soviet diplomats and delivered sternly worded protests about the shooting down of Flight 007. Italy's huge Communist Party fired off a demand to Moscow for an explanation of "this crime"; Japan's Communist Party did likewise. In Seoul, where South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan called the attack a "barbarous act," tens of thousands of South Koreans joined protest demonstrations. Similar marches were staged in Korean-American communities across the U.S. Editorial reaction in the U.S. and abroad was uniformly unforgiving. Britain's *Sun* posed a question that was at the heart of Western shock over the peacetime incident: "Would Washington or our government ever dream of launching killer missiles? Never in a million years."

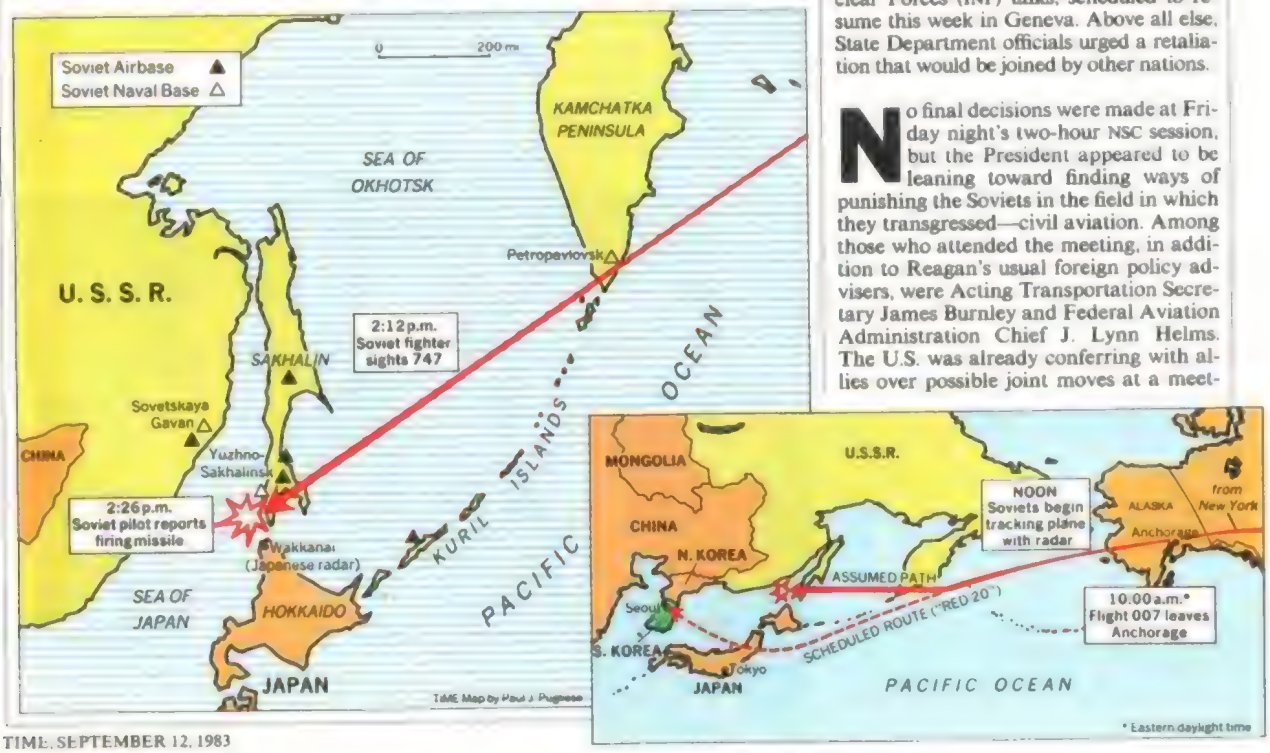
Another KAL Flight 007 at Kennedy last week

For the Reagan Administration, the crisis over Flight 007 was an especially complex and complicated matter. Despite the many unanswered questions that continued to surround the incident, it was clear that the Soviets had committed a brutally provocative act, one that demanded an unambiguous U.S. response. The President rarely has much trouble expressing such sentiments on a visceral level, as a senior White House aide pointed out shortly after the attack. "It is further evidence that the President was right," reminded the aide, "when he said the Soviet Union is a country that is essentially evil."

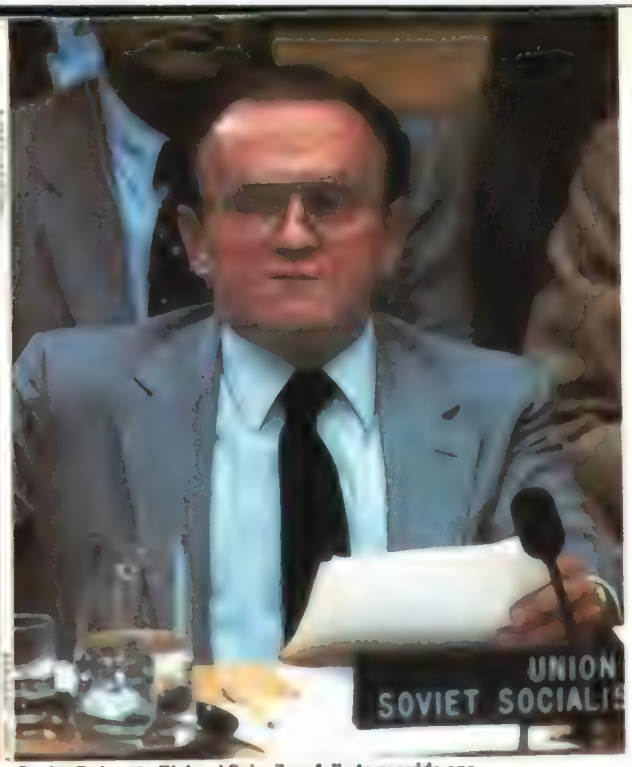
Yet in recent weeks, for the first time in his Administration, Reagan had been signaling a relaxation of tensions on the American side. Two weeks ago, the U.S. signed a new multiyear grain agreement in Moscow, ending a three-year impasse over U.S. grain sales to the Soviet Union. Washington also backed away from previous objections to the sale of pipeline equipment by U.S. firms to the Soviets. Shultz was scheduled to meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Madrid this week, and the two countries were slated to resume two sets of arms negotiations within a month. There was even talk of moving—slowly, of course—toward a summit.

As the President flew back to Washington, a high-level task force assembled at the State Department to ponder appropriate U.S. countermeasures. There was general agreement that the Administration should not do yet another about-face on the grain deal, since Reagan had criticized President Jimmy Carter's embargo and a second one would virtually eliminate the U.S. as a credible trading partner. The various courses of action considered ranged from U.S. support of expected retaliation by airline pilots all the way up to a postponement of the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) talks, scheduled to resume this week in Geneva. Above all else, State Department officials urged a retaliation that would be joined by other nations.

No final decisions were made at Friday night's two-hour NSC session, but the President appeared to be leaning toward finding ways of punishing the Soviets in the field in which they transgressed—civil aviation. Among those who attended the meeting, in addition to Reagan's usual foreign policy advisers, were Acting Transportation Secretary James Burnley and Federal Aviation Administration Chief J. Lynn Helms. The U.S. was already conferring with allies over possible joint moves at a meet-



U.S. Delegate Charles Lichenstein demands an explanation at the U.N.



Soviet Delegate Richard Ovinnikov fails to provide one

ing of the International Civil Aviation Organization to be held later this month in Montreal. Said one State Department official, referring to the Soviet national airline: "We want to do something that will affect the relations of Aeroflot to the rest of the world." One possibility: ground crews at international airports could refuse to clean Aeroflot cabins, stock its planes or refuel its empty tanks, effectively grounding the carrier outside of the Soviet Union.

The prospects for a more radical move, like pulling out of the INF negotiations, seemed never to have been seriously considered. "I would not look for us to discontinue our discussions because the stakes are too high," said a senior Administration official. "We would not be serving our own country or the world at large should we stop our efforts to achieve arms reductions." Such an approach would be in keeping with the Administration's "two track" policy toward the Soviets, challenging them when U.S. interests require it, seeking agreements when mutual interests are served.

The journey that was to end in death and crisis began unportentously at New York City's John F. Kennedy International Airport. The gleaming white Boeing 747-200B jumbo jet, trimmed in red and blue and bearing Korean Air Lines' sleek symbolic bird on its towering 63-ft.-high tail, lumbered routinely away from Gate 15. Due to leave at 11:50 p.m. E.D.T. on Tuesday, Flight 007 was 35 minutes late taking off.

Even before the huge aircraft, 232 ft. long and 196 ft. between wing tips, rose into the cloudless sky, the 14 women and four men flight attendants began making their 244 passengers comfortable. Still in their standard blue uniforms, the attendants served champagne to the twelve first-class passengers, who had paid $3,588 (round trip) to enjoy the roomy luxury of the top-deck lounge behind the cockpit cabin. Down on the main deck, nearly all of the 24 seats in the business-class section, where tickets cost $2,380, were occupied. Toward the rear, where passengers could fly for as little as $1,200, nearly 80 seats were empty. Flight 007 was bound for Seoul, but 130 of the travelers planned to go on to more exotic Far East destinations such as Hong Kong, Tokyo, Taiwan. They were flying KAL because it offered some of the lowest fares to Asia.

None of the passengers could be looking forward to the flight. They would spend seven hours on the nightlong 3,400-mile leg to Anchorage. Then, still mainly in darkness as they headed away from sunrise in the east, they would face an additional 7½ dreary hours before reaching Seoul's Kimpo Airport in what KAL brochures call "the land of morning calm."

After reaching cruising altitude (35,000 ft.), many passengers took off their shoes, loosened neckties, reached for pillows and stretched out to sleep. Some watched the in-flight movie, *Man, Woman and Child*, a tearjerker about a married man suddenly discovering that he had fathered a son during an earlier affair. When not serving middle-of-the-night snacks and cocktails, the attendants kept the cabin lights low. The trip to Anchorage was uneventful. Flight 007 touched down at 7:30 a.m. E.D.T.

Airline Passenger Lawrence McDonald
A death that made a lifelong point.

The Congressman's wife Kathy
A claim that her husband was assassinated.

Wednesday (2:30 a.m. in Anchorage).

Most of the bleary-eyed passengers walked off the plane to stretch their legs and sip coffee in a holding area at the terminal. As they milled about, service crews vacuumed the 747's rugs, emptied ashtrays, placed clean linen on the backrests. Ground personnel pumped 37,750 gal. of fuel into the plane's tanks, enough for its normal cruising range of about 6,000 miles. A fresh crew, led by Captain Chun Byung In, a veteran of 10,547 flying hours, took over in the cockpit. One fortunate family left Flight 007 in Anchorage. Robert Sears, a freight handler for Alaska International Air, had been vacationing in New York with his wife and two children.

Within minutes, an identical 747, KAL's flight 015 from Los Angeles, descended out of the darkness and taxied up to its sister jet. Also bound for Seoul, it would follow Flight 007 by about 20 minutes. Many of its passengers joined those from Flight 007 in waiting out the 90-min. rest stop. There was no hurry, since Kimpo would not open until 5 p.m. (6 a.m. in Korea).

North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms stepped off Flight 015. He was part of an official six-man congressional delegation representing the U.S. at a conference in Seoul to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the mutual defense treaty between South Korea and the U.S. Helms stopped to chat with a young Australian couple and their two daughters from Flight 007. "She was reading to those beautiful little girls," he recalled later, through tears. "It was the most marvelous thing you could have seen." With Helms was Idaho Senator Steve Symms. They looked for Georgia Congressman Lawrence P. McDonald, who was scheduled to be one of the main conference speakers. They knew he had taken the other flight. "Larry had no trouble sleeping on planes," Symms said later. "So he stayed on board during the stopover, and we never saw him." Added Helms: "Maybe if we had, we would have persuaded him to join us—or he might have got us to join him."

Kentucky Congressman Carroll Hubbard also got off Flight 015. He had expected to join McDonald on Flight 007, but had canceled his reservation at the last minute in order to accept a speaking engagement in Kentucky. McDonald had originally been booked on Sunday's Flight 007, but had missed it when his connecting plane from Atlanta was diverted because of thunderstorms in New York City. He had time to catch a Pan Am flight to Seoul but preferred the lower fare he had arranged with KAL.

The first blush of the approaching dawn was barely visible as Captain Chun nosed his craft back into the Alaskan sky at 10 a.m. (4 a.m. in Anchorage). He set off on "Jet Route 501," a southwesterly course along the Aleutian Islands and one of five commonly traveled flight paths at the start of the 3,800-mile run to Seoul. At checkpoint Bethel, about 340 miles west of Anchorage, he would switch to what pilots call "Red Route 20," the most northerly and direct of the internationally recognized courses to Tokyo and Seoul. It would take him off the Soviet Union's Kamchatka Peninsula, about 30 miles from the Kuril Islands, which are claimed and occupied by the Soviets, then over the main Japanese island of Honshu, and finally westward to Seoul.

The Soviet zones were well marked on Chun's maps. One blue-bordered warning declared: "Aircraft infringing upon non-free flying territory may be fired on without warning." Read another: "Unlisted radio emissions from this area may constitute a navigational hazard or result in border overflight unless unusual precaution is exercised." Still, Red Route 20 was routine to the hundreds of commercial airliners that follow it each month.

Back in the passenger cabins, by KAL's usual procedures the women flight attendants would now switch to native Korean dress. The bright and multicolored costumes include long skirts (*chima*) and short, flared blouses (*chogori*). They had orange juice and sandwich wedges on hand for the tourist passengers, fancy snacks of chicken florentine, zucchini au gratin, rice and cheddar croquettes, and *soba*, a Japanese broth, for the first-class travelers. Everything presumably would have seemed normal as the passengers munched and dozed their way toward Seoul.

As Captain Chun and his craft bucked the prevailing headwinds, which normally reduce the plane's speed from 540 m.p.h. to about 460 m.p.h., he advised air controllers in Anchorage, who supervised the first 1,800 miles of his trip, that he had passed the mandatory navigational checkpoints, such as "Nabie" and "Neeva."

The KAL pilot had no way of knowing that other electronic eyes were watching Flight 007 from far ahead of him, although he would assume the Soviets would be monitoring the aircraft. Soviet radar had locked on to the 747 at about noon (E.D.T.) that day, when Flight 007 was cruising southwestward over the Bering Sea, and would follow the plane for the next 2½ fateful hours. As always, U.S. and Japanese intelligence stations were in effect watching the Soviets as they watched the jumbo jet. The stations did so by recording the radio communications between the Soviet radar operators, prob-

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Anti-Soviet demonstrators near the White House protest aircraft shooting

Burning Soviet flag near the U.N. in New York

The Rules of the Game

The procedures are more or less the same, whether at Otis Air Force Base in Massachusetts or at the early-warning centers of the Soviet air force's Far East command. When an unidentified aircraft—a "bogey" in military slang—appears on the radar screen, fighters are scrambled to intercept and obtain a visual identification. Even if potentially hostile, an intruder would be let alone as long as it remained outside national airspace, which is the area lying above a country's landmass and coastal waters. (It can extend from three to 200 miles out from the coast, depending on the territorial limit a country claims. For the U.S. it is three nautical miles; for the U.S.S.R. twelve.) If that invisible boundary is violated, international law endorsed by both superpowers prohibits the use of force except under extreme conditions and even then bars excessive force.

By aviation custom, the interceptor is permitted to escort the intruder out of the airspace or order it to leave or land. This can be done either by radio in English, the language of the air, or with hand signals. If neither approach works, the interceptor flies in front and to the left of the trespasser and rocks its wings—or at night, flashes its lights—to signal "Follow me." The off-course plane copies the signal to reply "I will obey." At that point the fighter heads for an airport and flies low over the runway where the intruder is supposed to touch down.

This sort of eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation goes on all the time, especially over American Air Defense Identification Zones (ADIZ), which extend several hundred miles along U.S. borders and are closely monitored for national security reasons. Since last January, 77 Soviet planes have entered the Atlantic Coast ADIZ while on nonstop flights from the U.S.S.R. to Cuba. Their aim has been to pick up U.S. radar frequencies and to record how long it takes for U.S. fighters to respond. U.S. reconnaissance planes have done the same thing near the U.S.S.R. border and have triggered the firing of more than 900 Soviet ground-to-air missiles, so far without a hit.

The penalty for trespassing is fatally clear

But this aerial skirmishing seldom involves commercial aircraft. Moscow requires advance notification and approval before any Western aircraft can traverse Soviet airspace. All passenger planes are tracked carefully by radar to ensure that they stick to specific and often very narrow air corridors, which twist and turn around militarily sensitive areas. As some navigational maps warn, the penalty for straying off course can be fatal. Planes flying from Scandinavia dare not approach Moscow from the north, where secret Soviet missile-testing facilities are located.

Twenty or 30 years ago, it would have been more difficult for any plane to follow such strict flight instructions. Long-range navigation above clouds or over the sea was an inexact science, and planes often meandered wildly off course. Now most commercial jets on intercontinental flights are equipped with Inertial Navigation Systems, which permit a pilot to get an instantaneous readout of his position with no more than a mile or so of error after a flight of 6,000 miles. Such equipment seldom fails, most transoceanic planes, including Korean Airlines Flight 007, have two systems operating, with a third as a backup.

But some commercial carriers wander from their flight paths deliberately. Shortly before the U.S. withdrew Aeroflot's landing rights at New York and Washington in 1981, after the military crackdown in Poland, the Soviet carrier was a notorious offender, frequently entering off-bounds airspace in the U.S. Two Aeroflot planes passed over New England military installations, including the U.S. Navy shipyards at Groton, Conn., where work was under way on a new nuclear submarine. Both carried passengers—and possibly spy cameras or electronic eavesdropping equipment. Lot, the Polish carrier, and the Czechoslovak line, CSA, have also wandered into restricted zones. Notes one U.S. Government official tartly: "We never blasted any of them out of the sky."

ably located in northern Kamchatka, and their superiors along the military chain of command. It would be many hours later before those tapes would be examined and their significance determined.

Whether he knew it or not, Captain Chun and the other 268 innocent travelers on his airliner soon were in trouble. Somehow, Flight 007 had passed those lines, invisible in the sky but so clearly etched on maps, that mark forbidden airspace. The Soviets scrambled MiG-23s, their widely deployed supersonic jet fighter, and Sukhoi-15s, a slightly older but nonetheless lethal interceptor, to follow the 747. Japanese and American intelligence sources later figured that at least eight of the single-seat fighters pursued the relatively slow-moving airliner.

According to the account of Secretary Shultz, Flight 007 first crossed the Kamchatka Peninsula, then the Sea of Okhotsk and the island of Sakhalin. Unless it changed course, the airliner apparently would have approached the area around Vladivostok on the Soviet mainland. This cold and bleak region is ordinarily off limits to foreigners.

The Soviets have military reasons for their sensitivity. Kamchatka is the site of Soviet missile-testing facilities and early-warning radar systems. The port of Petropavlovsk is home base for some 90 nuclear-powered submarines. The Soviets hope to turn the Sea of Okhotsk, between the peninsula and the mainland, into a private sheltered lake for submarines armed with missiles that could strike the continental U.S. The southern half of Sakhalin bristles with at least six Soviet airfields and is merely 27 miles across the Strait of Soya from Japan's Hokkaido Island. The strait is a choke point for Soviet naval vessels moving from the Sea of Japan into the North Pacific. Vladivostok and Sovetskaya-Gavan are the main bases for the 820 ships of the Soviet Pacific fleet.

The Soviets had every right of international law to send fighters up to inspect the intruder. Common sense, however, suggests that even the most expert observer flying some six miles high in the dim predawn light is not likely to see anything that U.S. surveillance satellites have not repeatedly scrutinized and photographed in far greater detail.

But rationality did not prevail. At 2:12 p.m. (3:12 in the morning in Japan), a Soviet pilot told his ground station that he was close enough to see the Korean airliner. Three minutes later, Captain Chun, apparently unaware of his hostile company, routinely asked air controllers in Tokyo, who had taken over supervision of the flight from Anchorage, for permission to climb to 35,000 ft. Permission was given. Six minutes later, a Soviet flyer radioed that the 747 was just short of that altitude, at 10,000 meters (33,300 ft.). About the same time, Japanese radar operators in Hokkaido noted that, although Flight 007 had

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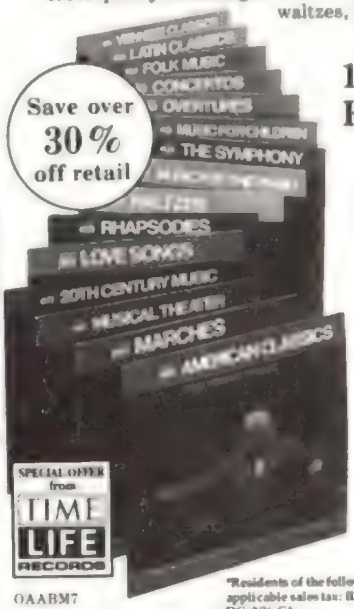

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GF GENERAL FOODS

just reported its position as 115 miles south of Hokkaido, they found no corresponding radar blip there. They did spot one 115 miles *north* of the island.

Was Captain Chun aware that he was off course? Apparently not. Had he seen the interceptors trailing him? Unlikely, since he almost certainly would have informed the Tokyo controllers of his unwelcome escort. Not once did he indicate that he was in an unusual situation. If all was considered normal aboard the 747, the attendants would now be serving breakfast to the awakening passengers. There would be grapefruit and beef brochette for the high-fare travelers, a croissant and Spanish omelet for the others.

But in the reddening skies over the southern coast of Sakhalin, a chain of events began unfolding that was far from normal. Japanese radar operators saw the blip of an unidentified plane close in rapidly on another blip they now knew represented the Korean airliner. The two symbols merged. The time was 2:25 p.m.

Then, at 2:26 p.m., the whirling tape recorders, probably at the Japanese Defense Agency's massive radar installation in the otherwise sleepy town of Wakkanai on Hokkaido's northern tip, caught the incriminating conversations between a single Soviet fighter pilot and his unemotional commander on the ground. As reported in the Japanese press, the key transmissions included:

Commander: Take aim at the target.

Pilot: Aim taken.

Commander: Fire.

Pilot: Fired.

Later, there were more Soviet transmissions:

Unidentified questioner: Where did it go?

The reply: We shot it down.

Shultz curtly paraphrased these exchanges at his initial Washington press conference. Said he: "The Soviet pilot reported that he fired a missile and the target was destroyed."

Indeed it was. But Flight 007, in what must have been an interminable and terrifying descent for its travelers, seemed to die slowly. At 2:27 the crew tried, finally, to signal its distress. "Korean Air 007," began the voice. But only an unintelligible garble of sounds followed.

Three minutes later, radar showed that the airliner had fallen to 5,000 meters (16,400 ft.), halfway to the sea. Within another two minutes, a second Soviet plane showed up at the same site on radar screens. At 2:38 p.m., twelve minutes after being hit, Flight 007 dropped off the screens.

Near the island of Moneron, 30 miles off the Sakhalin coast, Japanese fishermen heard at least two thunderous noises from the sky above them. They reported seeing a fiery flash denoting what one called "some awful explosion." It was an explosion that would soon echo, in dis-

The Worst, but Not the First

In the past 30 years, attacks on civilian airliners have been rare. The Soviets, however, seem to have a quick trigger. Last week's incident marked the second time in just five years that Soviet fighters have shot down a passenger jet.

In 1978, Korean Air Lines (KAL) Flight 902 with 110 passengers and crew on board was cruising routinely from Paris to Seoul when navigational equipment apparently malfunctioned. Disoriented, the pilot veered 180° off course and penetrated Soviet airspace near Murmansk, above the Arctic Circle. For two hours the jet flew serenely over sensitive strategic submarine and bomber bases before Sukhoi-15 interceptors finally scrambled to intercept it.

The Soviets claimed that the fighter pilots lowered their landing gear and flashed landing lights to signal the jetliner to descend, but were ignored. The copilot later denied that any signals were given. In any event, Soviet commanders, fully aware that it was a commercial plane, gave the order to attack. One interceptor then fired two heat-seeking missiles. The second struck an engine on the 707 and blew a hole in the fuselage, killing two passengers and injuring 13. Crippled but still under power, the jet plunged from 35,000 ft. to 3,000 ft. before leveling off. It crash-landed 45 minutes later on an ice-covered lake.

The Soviet authorities never owned up to the attack. Instead, they totted up the expenses of rescuing the survivors, including food and lodging for three days and transportation from the crash site to Murmansk, and blithely submitted a bill for $100,000 to the South Korean government. The Koreans did not pay.

MAINICHI SHIMBUN

A Soviet fighter just before it opened fire, as seen from inside a Korean airliner in 1978

Perhaps only the Soviets could display such gall, but other countries have also been guilty of firing on commercial flights. In 1955, two Bulgarian MiG-15s fitted with cannons attacked an off-course El Al Constellation airliner that was apparently flying into Bulgarian airspace. The plane, en route from London to Israel, crashed in Bulgaria, killing all 58 passengers and crew aboard. After an outraged protest from Israel, which accused Bulgaria of "shocking recklessness," the government issued a formal apology. It said the fighter pilots had been "too hasty," and agreed to pay compensation to the victims' families.

In 1973, in the midst of a sandstorm that grounded all other commercial flights, a Libyan Airlines 727 bound for Cairo blundered into airspace above the Israeli-occupied Sinai Desert, which had been declared an official war zone. Israeli officials, worried by reports that Arab terrorists planned to use a civilian airliner in a kamikaze attack on an Israeli city, ordered up Phantom F-4E interceptors. When the French pilot of the jet seemed to ignore warning shots signaling him to land at a nearby military base, the Israeli pilots shot the Boeing down, killing 108 of the 116 passengers aboard. Tapes of cockpit conversations from the crash later revealed that the pilot had mistaken the Israeli interceptors for a friendly Egyptian fighter escort. Chastened, the Israeli government issued an apology and paid more than $3 million in compensation.

By contrast, the downing of two civilian Air Rhodesia planes by rebel troops during the guerrilla war that brought black rule to Zimbabwe was nothing but cold-blooded. In 1978, foot soldiers of Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front Army fired Soviet SA-7 missiles at a Viscount airliner as it flew from Salisbury to Kariba, 175 miles to the northwest. Of the 56 aboard, 38 died in the crash. Then, after injured passengers crawled from the wreckage, the guerrillas arrived and again opened fire, killing ten of the survivors.

Whites in Zimbabwe still have not forgiven Nkomo for his elation over the massacre, nor for the subsequent rebel rocket attack on yet another Viscount in 1979, in which 59 passengers and crew died. His only regret, said Nkomo of that incident, was that the principal target of the attack, Rhodesian Defense Chief Peter Walls, was not aboard the flight.

believing protest, around the world.

At Kimpo Airport in Seoul, friends and families awaiting Flight 007 endured a roller-coaster of worry, falsely raised joy and final sorrow. They waited for five agonizing hours for some word of the missing plane's fate. Rumors filled the vacuum. The 747 had been hijacked. No, it had been forced to land on Soviet soil. Then official confirmation. A KAL spokesman said on the p.a. system that the airliner was safely down on Sakhalin. Everyone should leave telephone numbers and await word on the reunion. Cheers filled the terminal. Another 13 hours passed before the reality came from distant Washington. Shultz, his voice quavering as he fought to control his anger, revealed the worst.

In Atlanta, Kathryn McDonald stoically faced TV cameras to declare that her husband Lawrence, a staunchly conservative Democratic Congressman and national chairman of the ultraright John Birch Society, had been the victim of "an act of deliberate assassination." She charged that it was no accident that "the leading anti-Communist in the American Government" had been on a plane that was "forced into Soviet territory" and shot down. She linked her husband's "murder" with the assassination attempt against Pope John Paul II, blaming both on the Soviets.

Rebecca Scruton, 28, a Meriden, Conn., mother of two young children, had become a widow in December, when her husband Dale, 30, died of cancer. She was on Flight 007 only because she had a passport problem when she went to board an earlier flight; her children were not with her. There were 269 such stories of personal poignancy.

The death toll was the fifth highest in aviation history. For Americans, the loss of 61 U.S. civilians in a military attack may have been the greatest since the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor.

In the waters of the Sea of Japan, Soviet ships and aircraft warned outsiders away from their search of the area where the plane went down. The U.S. moved five F-15 jet fighters from Okinawa to northern Japan, but did not send them into the area. The U.S. Air Force also dispatched at least one AWACS surveillance plane to Hokkaido. In the tense situation, both superpowers raised their alert status in the region, but no one wanted to provoke yet another air tragedy.

One question vital to Soviet intentions about the tragedy is who authorized the order to fire. The hours of radar tracking and even the period of scrambling after Flight 007 entered Soviet airspace would allow ample time for the matter to be passed all the way back to Moscow. Lynn Hansen, of the Center for Strategic Technology at Texas A & M, doubts that anyone below a three-star colonel-general, such as a Far East–theater air-defense deputy commander, "could make that weighty a decision; they're all scared of that responsibility." Georgia Tech Sovietologist Daniel Papp warns that "if we assume it went all the way to Moscow, then there are very grave questions as to Soviet intent. If it was a general who decided it was time to show that they meant business, that is far less serious in its policy implications."

Retired Admiral Bobby Inman, former deputy director of the CIA, speculates that the Soviet Union was so stung by its inept handling of a similar, 1978 Korean airliner intrusion over their territory that individual air-defense units now have standing orders to direct any interlopers to land and to shoot them down if they do not. "Their priorities are different from ours," Inman says. "They place highest priority not on human lives but on preventing penetration of their airspace." The Kremlin had time last week to learn what was happening at the lower command levels, Inman suggests, but did not intervene to stop it.

Grieving sisters at Kimpo in Seoul

A cruel cycle of despair, joy and sorrow.

Did the Soviet interceptors signal the airliner to change course or to land, and if so, did the Korean crew ignore the signals? The Soviets, of course, insist that both answers are yes. But so far the tapes of their air-to-ground reports have not borne out the claim. Moreover, the KAL crew would have made its own radio report of such action, if it had been able.

Why were there no radio communications between Soviet military officials and the airliner? Soviet ground stations should have been aware of the frequencies the airliner would be using and could have given instructions to the plane. That in turn would have alerted air controllers in Japan to what was happening. Early American analysis of the tapes provided no evidence of any such calls.

Did the 747 sustain some kind of massive electrical problem that knocked out its navigational systems, lights and some of its radios? It is virtually inconceivable. There are three independently powered inertial navigational systems on the Boeing aircraft. There are four electrical generators, one for each engine, and each can also be used for such low-power tasks as lighting. As for the radios, there are at least five separate transmitters on board. It is possible that the crew was having difficulty on short-range channels with other aircraft, yet it was never out of touch with ground stations.

Why then did the airliner stray so far off course? That remains a major mystery. The inertial-guidance systems have to be programmed by the crew before takeoff and after various checkpoints along the route are passed. Human error in programming, followed by inattention to course while flying on automatic pilot, is a conceivable possibility. The full explanation almost surely will never be known.

Whatever the answers to these questions, the Soviets clearly violated international law and custom by using excessive force on an unarmed civilian aircraft. "Of course they'll claim they warned the plane—who'll ever prove otherwise?" notes former CIA Official George Carver, now a fellow at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. "But let's not be diverted by fine legal minutiae. They had absolutely no right to commit murder." Experts in international law say the families and countries of victims may have valid claims for damages, but no one expects the Soviets to ever pay restitution.

In the U.S., the Soviets' rash act certainly strengthens military hard-liners and gives Reagan an even better chance to win final congressional approval for deploying the MX missile while limiting U.S. concessions in arms-control talks. Jesse Helms made the point well in discussing the Soviets with conservative colleagues in Seoul last week. Said he: "This is the best chance we ever had to paint these bastards into a corner."

Actually, the painting has already been done. It is a nasty self-portrait that shatters the reasonable image that the Soviets have been trying to project as part of their peace offensive to block deployment of U.S. cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe. For a nation so profoundly insecure as the Soviet Union, the public relations debacle resulting from someone's decision to shoot to kill was a terrible setback. But that was no consolation for all those families, from 13 nations, whose loved ones vanished on Flight 007. ***—By William R. Doerner and Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jerry Hannifin and Strobe Talbott/Washington and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles***

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Anyone for a Peaceful Consensus?

Other foreign policy issues demand Reagan's attention

Ronald Reagan's summer vacation in Santa Barbara was interrupted not only by the new crisis in U.S.-Soviet relations. Other urgent turns in overseas affairs were demanding the Administration's attention. Last week the nation suffered its first combat fatalities among the 1,370 U.S. Marines assigned to peacekeeping duties in Lebanon: two Marines were killed, hit by mortar fire.

Shocked and saddened, President Reagan ordered American forces beefed up in the area with an additional 2,000 seaborne Marines to be stationed in the waters off Beirut. The Reagan Administration could only watch, however, when its ally Israel suffered a different kind of shock: the announcement by Prime Minister Menachem Begin that he would resign.

Central American policy issues also made demands on the Administration. Significantly, a U.S. official met with the political leadership of El Salvador's leftist rebels last week. In Washington, the bipartisan commission charged with recommending long-range U.S. policy concerning the often neglected nations of Central America began its deliberations, taking testimony from two former Presidents and four retired Secretaries of State. And in the background loomed the U.S.-Soviet talks about Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF), due to pick up again in Geneva this week, and Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), scheduled to resume next month. For a President who has so far devoted the bulk of his energies to domestic affairs, it added up to a full foreign agenda indeed.

The Marine tragedy, which included 14 injured as well as the dead, occurred just three days short of the first anniversary of the much heralded Reagan plan for peace in the Middle East. As part of that initiative, Reagan proposed a temporary U.S. military presence in Lebanon, along with contingents from other Western countries, until Lebanon's government managed to establish its authority throughout the ravaged land. That goal is proving more difficult to attain than the Administration had foreseen, as religious factions renew their ancient feuds with growing ferocity.

When news of the casualties came in, Vice President George Bush flew to Washington from his summer home in Maine and convened a meeting of the "special situation group"—the first of three held on the Lebanon crisis. The group reached general agreement that the U.S. Marine contingent would remain in place, at least for the time being, a view that was quickly approved by Reagan in California. Though realistic about its chances, Washington instructed Reagan's special envoy to the Middle East, Robert McFarlane, to pressure President Amin Gemayel to continue trying to gather Lebanon's factions into a government of national reconciliation.

Reagan notified Congress, as he is required to do by the 1973 War Powers Resolution, that U.S. Marines in Lebanon had been involved in "sporadic fighting." However, he avoided calling the episodes of mortar fire in which the two Marines were killed "hostilities," since that could set off a chain of events that he wants to avoid. Under the resolution, which was enacted over President Richard Nixon's veto, the deployment of U.S. forces into "hostilities, or into situations where imminent involvement in hostilities is clearly indicated," requires congressional approval within a period of 90 days. Although the constitutionality of that requirement remains in question, the Reagan Administration seeks to skirt any showdown by insisting to Congress that the Marines are merely stationed in a foreign nation "while equipped for combat," a form of deployment that does not require congressional assent. Explained Secretary of State George Shultz: "I believe there is no concerted effort to single out the Marines and target them."

That seemed too hairsplitting a point for some Congressmen, however, who insisted that Congress must have a voice in deciding whether to keep U.S. troops in the midst of a Lebanese civil war, even as part of a multilateral peace-keeping effort. If the U.S. casualty list in Lebanon should grow, Congress's effort to assert its war-powers authority will doubtless gain momentum.

On the Central American issue last week, the Administration's weight and commitment seemed to move faster toward a negotiating mode. U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone, frustrated in a July attempt to meet with representatives of the El Salvador guerrillas who have waged war on that country's American-backed government for almost four years, finally sat down with four of them. They met in the dining room of a white stucco mansion in Costa Rica with the nation's President, Luis Alberto Monge, as host. Such a meeting has long been advocated by critics of the Reagan Administration's growing military involvement in Central America as the first step toward a negotiated settlement.

The rebels were represented by Guillermo Ungo and Rubén Zamora of the Democratic Revolutionary Front (F.D.R.), Mario Aguiñada of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) and Mario López of the Central American Workers Revolutionary Party (P.R.T.C.). Working under a joint banner, they claim to seek a share of power in the

Carter: qualified endorsement

Ford listening to Kissinger after testifying: no stop-go

Stone, left, meeting with Ungo, Aguiñada and Zamora, right, in Costa Rica

A lengthy dialogue, with each side talking at, rather than with, the other.

San Salvador government of President Alvaro Magaña—a goal the U.S. has consistently opposed as tantamount to "shooting their way into power," as Shultz once put it. If the opening round last week is any indication, the dialogue promises to be a lengthy one: according to a U.S. participant, the two sides did more talking at, rather than with, each other.

In Bogotá, another meeting aimed at opening up discussions took place. Arranged by Colombian President Belisario Betancur, it was the first get-together between elements of the Magaña government, represented by two members of the Salvadoran Peace Commission, and Salvadoran guerrilla leaders. As with the Stone–F.D.R./F.M.L.N. session, what was significant about the Bogotá meeting was not that nothing was quickly accomplished but that it took place at all.

U.S. policy in the region was on the table at the U.S. State Department, where the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America, whose chairman is former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, learned from its first witnesses that the job of finding bipartisan consensus will hardly be easy. It was soon clear that the split on U.S. objectives in Central America starts at the very top of the foreign policy Establishment: among the former Presidents and Secretaries of State who used to execute it. The opposing positions on what is at stake in that region were neatly bracketed by Cyrus Vance, who judged the region's difficulties "essentially local in nature," and Alexander Haig, who insisted that "our problem in Central America is first and foremost global." Then, as if splitting that Vance-Haig difference, former Presidents Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter both urged the commission to take a balanced approach, looking at the area's economic and social needs as well as its strategic significance.

Carter even gave a qualified endorsement to the Reagan Administration's recent decision to stage large-scale military maneuvers in Central America. Ford urged the U.S. to avoid a stop-go approach to policy in the region. Said the former President: "I would propose that we not look at it on a year-to-year basis but on at least a five-year basis." In comments to reporters afterward, Kissinger said, "If there was unanimity on any point, it was that we emerge out of these discussions with a consensus: that we can't really afford to be divided on an issue that is important to the future of our country."

That is surely so. But when Congress returns from vacation Sept. 12, the Administration is not likely to find a great deal of consensus on many issues, including such questions as future covert aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* and funds for the MX missile. While Congress is always nervous about defying any President on national security issues, the Reagan Administration may find itself faced with some of the sharpest debates over foreign policy in recent years. —***By William R. Doerner. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan, with other bureaus***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

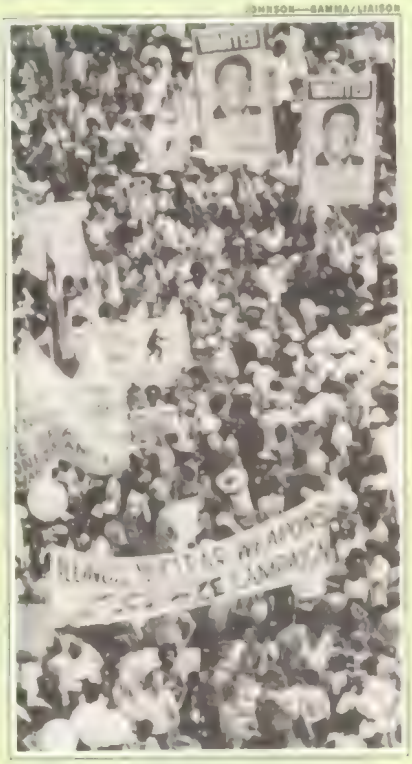
A Chorus of Demands

Modesty is not a requirement for becoming President. Thus did Democratic Contender Walter Mondale a while back declare without blushing that he was ready for the job, something no mere human can ever be. Ronald Reagan keeps insisting he is not all that burdened by presidential responsibilities. Would that he worried more.

Jimmy Carter suggested that he might have greatness in him, a quality that historians have not yet detected. Lyndon Johnson once looked into the face of a young black admirer and told friends later that he could tell the lad felt he was in the presence of "the Lord God Almighty." L.B.J. proved all too mortal.

Yet we never tire of listening and hoping. So perhaps it was a natural outgrowth of our own fervent mythmaking that the great march in Washington a fortnight ago hinged its new agenda on the defeat of Ronald Reagan. Get a new man in the White House, the 300,000 people seemed to say, and the desires of 700 disparate marching organizations—whether they be chiefly concerned with black progress, gay rights, women's issues, environmental problems, unemployment or nuclear war—will be instantly gratified. How splendidly simple; how cruel to themselves.

In fact, most of those people, a remarkable number of whom were festooned with Minolta cameras and crowned with Sony Walkman headsets, must have had doubts. Protest is an industry, organized, priced, packaged and advertised, for maximum impact, on the Capitol Mall. Since the rhetoric of campaign politics portrays the President-to-be as a supercolossal wizard for everything that anybody ever wanted, it is logical that the protest industry should focus blame on him for everything that anybody couldn't get.



JOHNSON—GAMMA/LIAISON

Protesters: wanting the President to do it all

The reality is that the President, no matter who he may be, is only one force in a very large and cantankerous world. Indeed, even as the park custodians were cleaning up the Mall after the march, the U.S. Census Bureau reported that in the previous twelve months world population climbed 82.1 million, the largest gain in the history of this weary globe. In the view of Lester Brown of Worldwatch Institute, which monitors global stress, population is the most awesome problem. Masses of people shouldering each other for food, space, wealth and dignity are at the root of most wars. Nothing was said about this down on the Mall.

Nor were any speeches devoted to the breakup of the black family, as much a cause of black poverty as anything else, plunging children into ignorance and crime, so far thwarting many efforts to improve the quality of their lives. Hardly a word was uttered about the obsolescence of heavy American industry, the spread of high technology and the growth of overseas competition, which together have cost thousands of Americans their jobs. Despite their claim to be a "Coalition of Conscience," the marchers on the Mall were not proposing to restrain their demands in favor of less fortunate groups or even to work for something we used to call the national interest.

More than 20 years ago, there was another speaker whose voice echoed from the other end of the Washington Mall. John Kennedy urged Americans to consider first what they could do for their country, not what the country could do for them.

The protest industry has its time and place, but one suspects that the dreams of the great march will never be fulfilled if the people who possess them believe the man in the White House can do it all.

Iowa's Jerry Gravett contemplates a drought-stunted ear of corn

Near Chariton, Iowa, Keith Fenley hoses down his hot hogs

The Breadbasket Gets Grilled

But for some farmers, the drought is not all bad

"Everybody talks about the weather," Mark Twain might have said, "but nobody does anything about it." For farmers, such talk is not idle chitchat, especially these days. In a parched field west of Twain's home town of Hannibal, a Missouri farmer was, of course, talking about the weather. The seven-week-long drought, after all, has desiccated as much as half the crops in the Midwest and South. "My corn was ruined by July 20," says Paul Wilson of Shelbyville. "There were too many days over 100° while the corn was trying to pollinate." Wilson's corn crop, mostly stunted if not destroyed, will probably be 20% of last fall's. The countryside is denuded. Says Farmer Don Fischer of Corder, Mo.: "You could see a cricket hop in the pastures around here. There's nothing."

Not quite nothing: while much of the nation's breadbasket has turned to toast, the news is decidedly mixed. According to the Government, the drought is not yet as bad, overall, as 1980's savage hot spell. And there is more palpable consolation for farmers: the shrunken harvests (perhaps 4.5 billion bu. of corn, *vs.* 8.4 billion bu. in 1982) have helped reduce enormous surpluses, thus pushing some recent cash prices higher than they had been in nearly a decade—74% above last year's dismal levels. And last week a bit of rain did fall from Topeka to Terre Haute, raising the hope that the U.S. soybean harvest may be closer to normal than predicted.

However, there are plenty of outright disasters. Secretary of Agriculture John Block, an Illinois farmer himself, returned to his home state last week to inspect the devastation. The drought there is thought to be the worst in 30 years. In downstate Bond County, where some 80% of the corn crop has been destroyed, Block's National Guard helicopter swooped down onto a field of sorry, 6-in.-high cornstalk stumps. "I can personally feel the pain," he said as he looked out over Farmer Richard Weiss's acreage, "because I have looked at my own fields. They're not this bad, but they're bad." Block owns a 3,000-acre corn and soybean farm near the Mississippi River.

Much of the worst damage is within a couple of hours' drive of the Mississippi, but there are ravaged zones all over. East in Indiana, a majority of the 1,173 farmers in desperately dry Newton County have lost more than half their crops to the drought. In west Texas, where it is always arid, farmers and ranchers are enduring the second year of drought; rainfall during the past year (4.83 in.) has been the skimpiest since 1892. There in Schleicher County, farmers during a decent season coaxed 26 bu. of wheat or one bale of cotton from each cultivated acre. This year, despite getting a bit more rain than the rest of the region, they expect their fields to yield only 6 bu. of wheat per acre, or a scant tenth of a bale of cotton.

Block and Illinois Governor James Thompson

Wasted fields and small harvests.

Livestock is suffering too. In Iowa, cattle have forsaken barren pastures to nibble on tree leaves, and in west Texas some are even subsisting on cacti. With corn up to more than $3.50 per bu., many ranchers cannot afford to feed their herds at all. Says Doug Zabel, a Texas department of agriculture official: "Ranchers are having to sell their cattle off before they die, even their breeder stock, the foundation herds. It will take years to rebuild those." Nature's scorched-earth policy has struck as far away as Georgia: the state is the leading U.S. chicken and egg producer, but since July more than 1 million cooped-up broilers have died, broiled alive by the summer heat.

A little help may be on the way. After his farm tour, Secretary Block stopped in Chicago for a three-hour talk with more than 200 officials from 29 farm states. He declared farmers in Indiana eligible for emergency disaster-zone loans and encouraged other states to apply. Most of his listeners seemed mollified, but Democratic Governor Mark White of Texas poohpoohed Block's encouraging words, saying that Texans need more than loans "to help relieve the suffering." Such as? "Rain and money."

Although $21.8 billion in federal money will go to farmers this year in the form of price supports and other payments, up from $11.7 billion last year, some farm leaders are, like Governor White, calling for more generous drought-relief measures. The special pleading is sure to grow louder: next week the Administration is expected to announce a still lower estimate for the drought-ravaged harvest of 1983. ■

Altered States

Grass-roots tax revolts grow

They were attractive Democratic candidates who easily captured the crucial states of Ohio and Michigan, succeeding retiring Republican Governors. Their wins last fall were viewed by nervous G.O.P. strategists as a grim signal to Ronald Reagan and his economic programs.

But now Ohio's Richard Celeste and Michigan's James Blanchard are in trouble over their own economic programs. Although they sidestepped the issue of tax hikes during the campaign, both new Governors quickly made taxes a top priority in order to combat their states' mounting budget deficits. Blanchard estimated Michigan's deficit at $900 million, and Celeste projected a $528 million shortfall.

In Ohio, Celeste made permanent a temporary 50% personal income tax hike passed by former Republican Governor James Rhodes and, on top of that, steered through a 40% increase. Blanchard last spring engineered a 38% increase in personal income tax, with provisions for a partial rollback in 1984.

The backlash was not long in coming. On opening day of the baseball season in Cleveland last April, Celeste faced an embarrassing chorus of boos as he threw out the first ball. "Substantial tax increases are not popular," said Celeste matter-of-factly. "I recognize and respect the anger of the people." But the anger in both states grew more insistent, and grass-roots groups fighting the increases began to burgeon.

In Ohio, a coalition incorporated as SET (Stop Excessive Taxation), proposed two amendments to the state constitution. One would repeal all taxes enacted since January 1983. The second would mandate that all tax bills require a three-fifths majority approval in the legislature. By Aug. 10, volunteers all over the state had collected more than 525,000 signatures for each proposal, about 200,000 beyond what is needed to get both measures on the November ballot.

The battle lines on the repeal are not traditional, nor do they follow party lines. Although SET is masterminded by the conservative wing of the Republican Party and has some major business support from the likes of J. Ray Topper, president of Anchor Hocking, and W.R. Timken Jr. of Timken Co., it is also supported by the rank-and-file members of some labor unions. Leading the opposition is John Mahaney, the Republican president of the Ohio Council of Retail Merchants, who counts the Ohio Education Association and the state AFL-CIO on his side and who hopes to raise $2 million to fight the repeal. Explains State Senator Richard Pfeiffer: "The effects of Proposition 13 are coming home to roost in California, and if the repeal passes, they will eventually come home to roost in Ohio."

Repeal Cheerleader Topper denies that Governor Celeste is the hidden issue. But in Michigan Blanchard is clearly a target of the antitax movement. It started when John Lauve, a GM engineer, sent "the shirt off his back" to the statehouse in Lansing last March to protest the 38% tax increase. His gesture inspired other Michigan voters, and soon a "Recall Blanchard" movement was launched. Within weeks, petitions were circulating across the state to gather the 760,000 signatures necessary to call a special election. Although Lauve and his followers missed the mark, they did get 522,000 names during the allotted 90-day period, a significant rebuff to the tax increase and

Signing on: at the state fair in Detroit

A backlash that was not long in coming.

enough to surprise the initially unconcerned Blanchard.

Petitions are also being circulated to remove state legislators who voted for Blanchard's tax package. There is a fledgling lobbying effort, similar to the one in Ohio, to put on the November 1984 ballot an amendment to the state constitution that would roll back the tax levels to those that existed on Dec. 31, 1981, and require a four-fifths approval of the legislature to pass any new taxes.

Strategists for both parties are speculating about the effect of these tax revolts on the 1984 elections. Republicans in both states may be helped in their local legislative races. And, with his antitax stance, Reagan may benefit in Ohio, where a close presidential vote is expected. ■

Snow Blizzard

A drug glut slashes prices

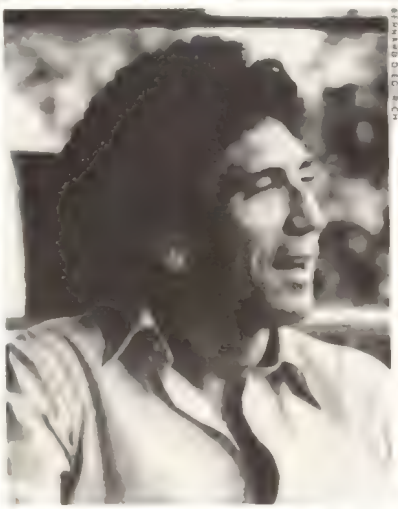
Miami is known as the "Casablanca of Coke" with good reason: an estimated 70% of all cocaine imported into the U.S. passes through South Florida. Control over nationwide distribution remains rooted in Miami. But these days the city's drug dealers have got a problem: the avalanche of coke descending on them. Not in recent memory has the powdery white stuff been so plentiful, or so cut-rate.

The wholesale price per kilo has plummeted 50%, from $60,000 in 1981 to $30,000 now. "They've got to move the inventory," says Sergeant Skip Pearson of the Metro-Dade Organized Crime Bureau. "It's like an end-of-the-year sale." Explains Bureau Commander Arthur Nehrbass: "Right now, it's a buyer's market. We've been offered coke at $28,000 per kilo on credit, with two weeks to pay."

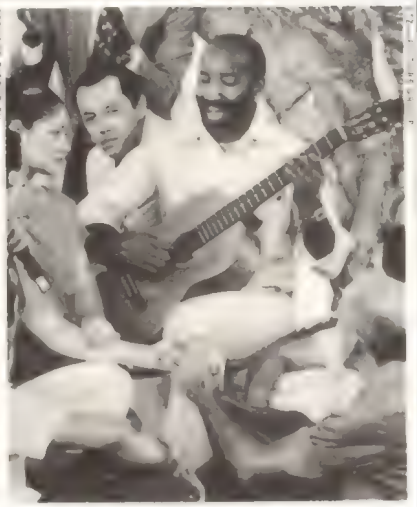
Unusual deals are being offered in other U.S. cities, though New York City and Chicago prices, either wholesale or retail, have not yet been affected. A year ago, coke was selling for about $60,000 in Atlanta; now it fetches a bargain-basement $36,000. The Drug Enforcement Administration in Los Angeles estimates that a kilo of wholesale coke has dropped to $45,000 from as high as $60,000 a year ago.

The coke glut could last until late 1984, and possibly into 1985. High-grade coke started flooding South Florida last spring, after illegal Colombian coca plantations seeded four years ago started bringing in four crops annually, double those produced in Peru and Bolivia, where coca is grown legally. Colombian smuggling groups anticipated the record crop by upping the refining capacities of their labs. "They've overproduced, like General Motors turning out too many Chevrolets," says Nehrbass. Coke's wholesale price in Colombia has fallen from $22,000 to $9,000 in the past year. To reduce inventories, drug wholesalers must move their shipments fast; processed coke is highly perishable. Hauling large amounts makes them vulnerable to seizures. Since June 17 the National Narcotics Border Interdiction System has recovered more than 7,000 lbs., most of it in South Florida. Says Pearson: "They keep sending it up with carnations from Colombia and we keep intercepting it."

Officials fear that as the powder's retail worth falls, new, less affluent buyers will become regular customers. The going price per gram is $75 to $100; the glut could cut that to $50 or even $25. Coke is reaching the streets in a purer, stronger form. All this worries Dr. Charles Wetli, Dade County's deputy chief medical examiner: "If the price drops and there is an increase in purity," he warns, "you're going to have a lot more deaths from snorting and free-basing." ■



Arenas: "I am a writer for the first time"



Juan de Dios José: "Like a dream come true"

Working Hard Against an Image

For America's Marielitos, the adjustment has been no easy trip

The festival site was roomy, if unorthodox. But for many in the milling crowd of 5,000, the cavernous airplane hangar in Miami's Tamiami Park had a symbolic significance. In the spring of 1980, the structure served as one of the first receiving centers for the tattered cargo of the "freedom flotilla," the 125,000 Marielito refugees named after the Cuban port of Mariel from which they fled to the U.S. Last month the immigrants organized a daylong festival to thank Miami for its support and to display the talents of the boatlift's artists. Said Choreographer and Dancer Pedro Pablo Peña, who washed up on the shores of Key West in a shrimper and now directs the 14-member Creation Ballet in Coral Gables: "This is the other face of Mariel. It shows we are succeeding and contributing to this country."

The concern with image is understandable. Three years after the Mariel boatlift hit South Florida, the struggling refugees have a reputation that is decidedly mixed. The majority of Marielitos are hard-working and peaceful; some are former political prisoners and professionals. But an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 Marielitos are violent criminals and former mental patients, forced by President Fidel Castro to leave the country. "Two groups were on the boatlift: those who came and those who were sent," explains Miami-based Painter Victor Gómez, who says he arranged to be falsely classified as a delinquent to join the exodus. "It was Castro's diabolical strategy to give all Cuban exiles a bad image and get rid of antisocials."

Most Marielitos have found life in the U.S. rough going. Many have only a halting command of English and few marketable skills. Moreover, Cuba's cradle-to-grave welfare system left many refugees ill prepared for America's ways. "In Cuba the state takes care of you," says Artist Luis Valdés in the flawless English he learned listening to U.S. radio stations. "Here you have to struggle."

That effort seems well worth it to the boat people's artists, who find their new freedom thoroughly rewarding. Guitarist Juan de Dios José was denied a musician's license in Cuba because he refused to join the Communist Party. In Hialeah, a suburb of Miami, he plays gigs at local restaurants and is completing training in autobody repair. "It's like a dream come true, being able to say what I feel," he comments. Says New York–based Novelist Reinaldo Arenas, who drove 26 hours to the festival to avoid any chance of being on an airplane hijacked to Cuba: "I feel that I am a writer for the first time."

Miami has by far the largest Marielito population. But many of the boat-borne refugees have fanned out across the country, settling in cities, such as Los Angeles and San Francisco, that already had well-rooted latino communities. Some, like legions of immigrants before them, simply went where job prospects seemed brightest. José Martin and his wife Lina settled initially in Los Angeles, where Martin had an uncle. But established Cubans there advised him to move to Chicago or New York. "They told me there were more factories in those cities," he recalls. As a machine-shop operator in Havana, Martin could not afford even a bicycle. But as a salesman for a Chicago chemical-products company, he was able to buy a car and sign up for driving lessons. Says he: "I miss Cuba, but this is the country for opportunity."

The most successful refugees have had a network of relatives and friends to help cushion the shock of resettlement. Several weeks after stepping off a crowded fishing boat in Key West, Teresita Hernández, 24, came to Chicago under the sponsorship of her uncle. "At the beginning it was hard for me," she admits. But with the money she earns as a part-time clerk, Hernández has been able to rent a small studio apartment, buy a serviceable used car and enroll in classes at Northeastern Illinois University. Her goal: to become a pharmacist.

Jesús Sarmiento lived with relatives in Miami while he learned English and prepared for an entrance exam to Florida International University. Last April, Sarmiento became the first Marielito to earn an F.I.U. engineering degree. When he is not out looking for work, like any new graduate, he fiddles with programs on his home computer. "To think," marvels Sarmiento, "back in Cuba I didn't own even a pocket calculator."

The greatest frustration Marielitos face is separation from loved ones, whether in Cuba or a third country. The newcomers' current state of legal limbo has added to their sense of disorientation. "Mariel was chaos," says a Miami city official. "Many husbands, wives and children were separated. The tragedy is that they cannot be reunited." If the Simpson-Mazzoli bill now pending in Congress passes, that will change. The bill would permit Marielitos, as permanent resident aliens, to bring their families to the U.S. after a three-year waiting period.

With family reunions a distant hope, some frustrated Marielitos have suffered bouts of drinking and depression. A few have taken desperate measures to get back home: nine of the twelve successful hijackings to Cuba since May were committed by Marielitos. Still others—usually the criminals and sociopaths of Castro's prisons and asylums—resorted to crime, helping to make "Marielito" for many a catchword for terror. Typically, the Mariel misfits are young men between the ages of 18 and 34, unemployed, with the equivalent of a ninth-grade education and a history of emotional and mental problems. Many wear tattoos made from colored toothbrushes melted down in prison. Some of the designs, hidden in the webbing between the thumb and forefinger, are emblems of criminal specialties: *Madre* and an arrow for murder, a star under three vertical bars for kidnaping.

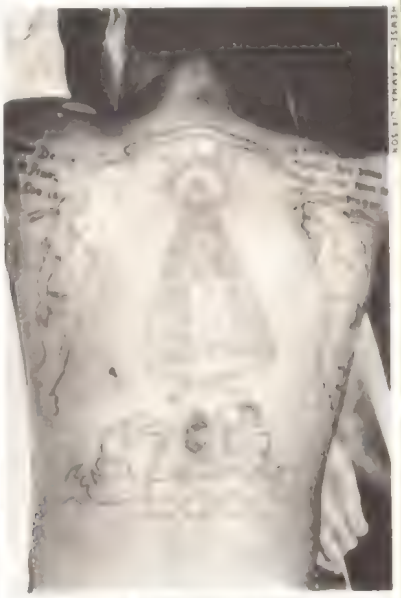
Wherever the lawless Cubans have migrated, crime has soared. In Las Vegas, where there are an estimated 3,500 boat people, Marielitos account for 25% of the cocaine trade. In New Orleans, over a ten-month period ending last April, there were 15 Cuban homicides involving 29 Marielitos as either murderers or victims. This criminal element tends to prey on other Cubans; its tastes run to brutal crimes of random opportunity. A chilling example is a Marielito who specializes in assaulting Miami Beach's elderly. One 90-year-old victim was hurled from his bed, kicked in the face so hard he

lost his left eye, choked, smothered with a pillow and left for dead.

Hundreds of Marielitos are behind bars in state and local prisons. But many more elude proper sentencing. Judges lack knowledge of their criminal histories in Cuba and without that guidance, or up-to-date information on their activities in the U.S., tend to give them probation. Nonetheless, about 1,080 Marielitos are in the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. Nearly one-third have been in jail since their arrival in the U.S. Under immigration procedures, Marielitos who admitted to a criminal record at the processing centers three years ago were frequently imprisoned, though often temporarily. Many street-smart Cubans did not own up to their pasts, however, and have been at liberty. "The Government locked up people who confessed to minor crimes and political offenses," asserts Attorney Myron Kramer, one of the lawyers representing the detained Marielitos. An estimated 100 of the imprisoned Marielitos may be Cuban intelligence agents.

The dark face of Mariel continues to overshadow the scene. In December, Universal Studios will release *Scarface*, a film featuring Actor Al Pacino as a Marielito drug dealer. Despite that kind of negative image, the honest Cubans working hard in their new home seem to have faith that the true picture of the Marielitos will emerge. "The spirit of the Cuban boat people has not been beaten," says Cuban Artist Alberto de Lama. "They are not an amorphous mass. They are a much suffering people, with deep fears, desperate hopes and dreams of freedom." Says Miami Assistant City Manager Cesar Odio: "The miracle is that the vast majority of Marielitos are out there working, making ends meet like anyone else." ***—By Susan Tifft.***

Reported by Bernard Diederich/Miami and Don Winbush/Chicago



Tattooed back of a Marielito in Atlanta prison

Mayhem and Murder in L.A.

The hotels bear names out of the vanished past of a Raymond Chandler novel: the Palms-Wilshire, the Californian, the Barbizon. But in the once tony Wilshire-Alvarado district of Los Angeles, a swath of wide streets and pink stucco apartment buildings five minutes from downtown, the elegance is gone. There, amid broken glass, dank, urine-stained hallways, and discount shops, live more than 1,000 Marielitos, many sporting the telltale tattoos that mark them as former prisoners in Cuban jails. Squalid $8 rooms serve as base camps for drug dealers, prostitutes and holdup gangs. Nearby MacArthur Park, once a palm-lined site for shuffleboard and paddleboats, long ago became outlaw territory.

The hotel desk clerks sit behind giant metal grates and wear bulletproof vests. Druggists position revolvers and clubs in strategic spots under their counters. "They've created fear everywhere," says Barbizon Property Manager Mark Dolan about the Marielitos. When he started his job three months ago, Dolan hired armed guards for the hotel; he has since been accosted three times.

Violent crime Marielito-style came to dominate the district slowly, as Castro's ex-inmates moved in from Miami. The new arrivals overran a 25-block area around the intersection of Wilshire and Alvarado. Their criminal specialties are small time: purse snatchings, storefront stickups, car thefts, burglaries. What distinguishes the offenses, however, is the viciousness with which they are carried out. When a robbery victim gave up his wallet to Cuban attackers but refused to yield his ring, they hung him from an iron fence by his hand. The ring came off; so did a finger. When a dog snapped at a passing Marielito, the man retaliated by stabbing its owner 17 times. "These are absolutely the meanest, most vicious criminals we've ever encountered," says Los Angeles Police Detective Tony Alvarez. "They have no purpose in life but to kill, rape and maim. They're crazy."

The violence is often absurdly out of proportion to the take. "They'll knock out a $400 window for a box of paper clips. They'll kill you for your belt buckle," says Patrolman Dennis Hansen. "They have no value system—zero." Drug dealing is so blatant that a visiting city councilman and plainclothes policeman were solicited at their car windows. Young Cuban entrepreneurs drop plastic Baggies of "Mexican brown" from their hotel fire escapes to accomplices in the street. Heroin, packaged in balloons, is hawked in the park like soda pop.

Hanging out in the Wilshire-Alvarado district

The Marielitos of Wilshire-Alvarado sleep late. But by 9 p.m., street traffic picks up around the park, where youths stand three deep, bare-chested or in ragged shirts, making deals and scouting for action. For the legitimate merchants who have chosen to tough it out, however, the terror never wanes. Bootblack Carey Smith, 77, who has worked in the district for 25 years, was robbed eight months ago of $630. But he goes on shining shoes at his small outdoor stall. Says he: "They'd just as soon kill you as look at you. You can feel the danger all the time."

Marielito arrests are so numerous and so frequent that police have given up trying to keep track of them. Last year Los Angeles police had to abandon a purse-snatching stakeout across from the park 20 minutes after setting it up. They caught so many offenders that they ran out of arresting officers. Even those who are apprehended show surprising fearlessness and contempt for the law. "For guys used to standing in a four-by-four cell all day, our prisons are like country clubs," observes Detective Alvarez. Many in the police force feel overwhelmed. The situation, says Plainclothes Patrolman Manny Mata, a seven-year veteran of the district, "is completely out of control."

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A Hawk's Hawk, a Liberal's Liberal

Senator Henry Jackson: 1912-1983

Most of Congress had something to say about the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, but in the state of Washington, Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson's reactions had a double resonance: his constituents at the Boeing Co. built the 747 airliner, and during his 42 years on Capitol Hill, he had been more profoundly and articulately wary of the Soviet Union than any other national Democrat. Last week Jackson was recovering at home from a chest cold picked up during a trip to China, but on Thursday morning, he shrugged it off and drove into Seattle to talk to reporters about the aerial atrocity. It was "an act of barbarism," he said, and could have been planned in advance.

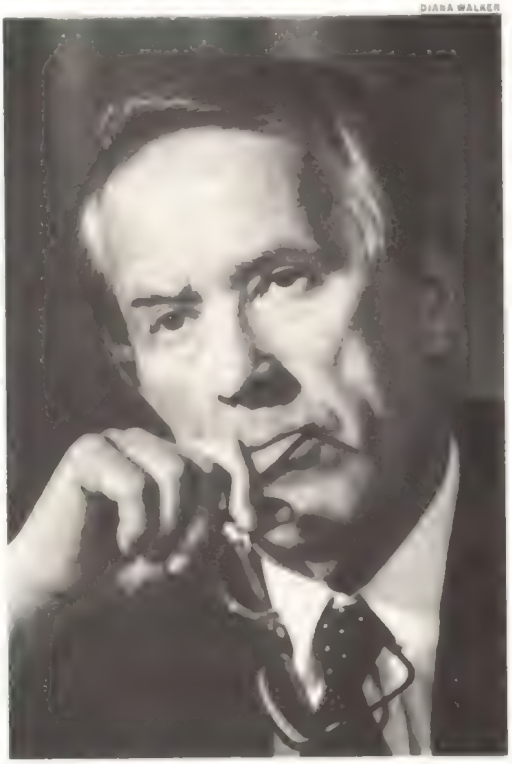
But for all his characteristic harshness, he was, as usual, thoughtful and careful. The U.S. should not strike back militarily, he said, adding, "The strongest arm of response is the moral one, one of outrage." Then should the matter be brought before the United Nations? Replied Jackson: "I would rather call a prayer meeting." Afterward Jackson, 71, went back to his wife Helen in Everett (pop. 54,400), the lumber-mill town north of Seattle where he was born and raised. And where, a few hours after he got home, he suffered a heart attack and died.

"Jackson," said Sam Nunn, his Democratic colleague from Georgia, "truly was a giant in the Senate." He had decisively won six elections to the Senate, the latest last November, and had been the *de facto* leader of his party's conservative wing. Jackson felt that his onetime comrades had turned too easy on Communism, or in some cases too hard on social programs, while he remained the archetypal cold war liberal, determined that the U.S. spend generously on guns *and* butter. "I don't worry about ideologies," he said. "I've been called a Communist, a socialist, a conservative." In 1972 and 1976, he was a credible contender for the Democratic presidential nomination.

His death surprised those who knew him. Jackson was fit and industrious, and never smoked. He had no history of heart trouble, and lived prudently.

The habit of prudence was bred by his parents, Norwegian immigrants. Nicknamed Scoop after a comic-strip character who appeared in the Everett *Herald* (which he delivered for years), Jackson practiced frankness young: in the third grade, asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, he admitted he wanted Warren G. Harding's job.

He started at the University of Washington as the Depression began and returned to Everett with a law degree, taking a job with the new Federal Emergency Relief Administration. But his notions of public service were more ambitious. At 26, he was elected Snohomish County prosecutor; then in 1940, a year after *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, Mr. Jackson was sent there for real, elected to the House. He caught the nation's eye by speaking out early on against the witch-hunting excesses of the House Un-American Activities Committee. In 1952 Jackson won election to the Senate over a Red-baiting Republican, and sat on the committee that grilled Wisconsin's Joseph McCarthy in the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings.



DIANA WALKER

The Senator from Washington in 1980, at his zenith

"I've been called Communist, socialist, conservative."

It is telling about Jackson, and political fashions, that in 1961, on the eve of Viet Nam (and the year he finally married), Jackson's rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action was a perfect 100, but by 1972, when he was still a diehard supporter of the war, his rating had fallen to 56. The times, not Jackson, had changed. The ill will between Jackson and the New Left grew worse when he ran for President, encouraged by the so-called ABM (Anybody But McGovern) movement among Democrats. Jackson was never noted for charisma or stump-speech eloquence, and his 1972 candidacy fell apart quickly. Although his well-organized 1976 run showed some life—he won the Massachusetts primary—the old cold warhorse was trounced by his fresh friend Jimmy Carter.

In the Senate, Jackson was not a superb legislative craftsman, but intelligent and consistent. He always favored an expansive military to counter the Soviets (he was the ranking Democrat on the Senate Armed Services Committee), resolutely supported Israel (his 1974 amendment made U.S.-Soviet trade contingent on a freer Kremlin emigration policy, mainly toward Jews) and nuclear power. He was also a dependable ally of organized labor, and happy to vote for social welfare programs or civil rights bills. Perhaps his zenith as a powerbroker came in the past decade, when he worked to kill or modify SALT arms-control treaties.

Jackson was a tried-and-true conservationist as well. In the 1950s, before ecology became trendy, he introduced a politically risky wilderness-protection bill, later spearheaded the epochal 1969 National Environmental Policy Act, and last year sponsored legislation to prevent mineral leasing on wilderness lands. Jackson never settled into rigid predictability. Says Nunn: "He was willing to take on the Pentagon when he thought it was wrong." Recently the hawk's hawk sounded almost dovish about Central America. "If we don't pay attention to the history of social and economic oppression there," Jackson said, "the military shield is bound to crumble."

The party may have lost more than an elder statesman. Lately the Democrats have entertained hopes of gaining a Senate majority in 1984. They may still get control, but Jackson's heretofore safe seat in Washington is now up for grabs: if Republican Governor John Spellman appoints Dan Evans, a popular G.O.P. predecessor, to fill in for a year, Representative Thomas Foley of Spokane, the most likely Democratic challenger, would face a tough race. In any event, Washington State will be without its supremely formidable champion in Washington, D.C.

But Henry Jackson was not simply a power wielder; he had a stubborn vision of America well armed and its people well cared for. He seldom roused voters, but served them ably and decently. He was more reasonable than passionate, more clearheaded than inspiring. His dreams were human-size. "Others may seek to make America great again," he said during his last run for President. "I seek to make America good again."

—By Kurt Andersen

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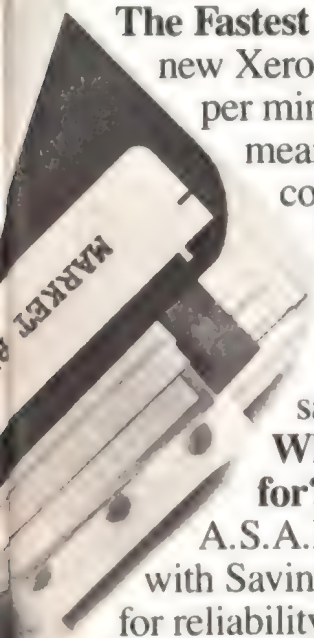

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U.S. troops on duty near Beirut International Airport run for cover during an artillery attack on their position

World

MIDDLE EAST

Lebanon Takes Its Toll

Fighting intensifies, and the Marines suffer their first combat casualties

For two hours, the mortars, shells and rockets crashed down on the lightly reinforced encampment around the runways at Beirut International Airport. Crouched in their bunkers, the 1,200 U.S. Marines who form part of a four-nation, 5,400-man peace-keeping force could do little more than keep their heads low and occasionally fire back. "We could hear bullets whizzing above us, and others were impacting on our sandbags," Sergeant Donald Williams, 28, later recalled. Whenever they saw a muzzle flash or some other indication of where the large rounds were coming from, the Marines retaliated with their rifles and machine guns, and finally resorted to their 155-mm cannons and missile-armed Cobra helicopters. At about 9:45 a.m., the first of two 82-mm mortar shells came cascading into the command tent where Staff Sergeant Alexander M. Ortega, 25, was getting batteries for radios. Just outside the tent, Second Lieut. Donald G. Losey Jr., 28, was running from one bunker to another, checking on his men. Both men were hit by shrapnel and died shortly thereafter. Fourteen other Marines were wounded before the fighting finally subsided

The Marines were the victims of the worst outbreak of factional fighting since the Israeli invasion last summer. Although there could be no doubt that Druze and Shi'ite militiamen in the hills and shantytowns near the airport had deliberately targeted the U.S. troops, stray rounds also made their way into the compound. Uneasy about the security of the Marine contingent in Lebanon, the U.S. last week ordered an additional 2,000 Marines from East Africa to the eastern Mediterranean, making them available for service in Lebanon if they should be needed.

MATTISON

Americans stand beside their 155-mm howitzer

Almost before anyone realized it, a minor incident had exploded into an all-out fight between the Lebanese army and the Shi'ite Amal militia. When the army moved into Amal strongholds in Beirut's southern suburbs, masked gunmen representing several Muslim factions took control of their neighborhoods in West Beirut, sending civilians scurrying to the safety of their homes. Armed with rocket-propelled grenades, AK-47 assault rifles and light mortars, they attacked Lebanese army guardposts, barracks and convoys. In response, the Lebanese army dispatched 10,000 troops, backed up by tanks and armored personnel carriers, to regain control of the city. Supported by tank rounds and

heavy machine-gun fire, infantrymen crept up alleys and side streets in search of the militiamen.

Contrary to the expectations of many, the untested army, which had remained largely out of sight since the outbreak of the 1975-76 civil war, successfully reasserted the government's authority. But it was not clear how long the calm would last. At week's end, the Lebanese Cabinet ordered an investigation of reports that as many as 40 Christian civilians were massacred by Druze militiamen last Thursday in the mountain village of Bmariam.

The renewed fighting marked a grim anniversary. Exactly one year earlier, the last of the 6,000 commandos of the Palestine Liberation Organization had been evacuated from Beirut, marking an end of sorts to Israel's ill-conceived war in Lebanon, although not, as it turned out, to the bloodshed. The Lebanese war and its aftermath have cost the Arabs, both Lebanese and Palestinians, the lives of thousands of civilians and hundreds of fighters. On the Israeli side, by latest count, 517 servicemen have been killed and more than 3,000 wounded. In addition to the two U.S. Marines killed last week, two other Marines and five French servicemen, all members of the multinational peace-keeping force, have lost their lives in Lebanon.

To the long list of casualties must now be added the political career of Menachem Begin, Prime Minister of Israel for the past six years and the man who was ultimately responsible for staging his country's most unpopular war. For months he had seemed ill and despondent, and he had much to grieve about. He had lost his wife last November. In addition, he was upset over the continuing Israeli casualties in Lebanon; the frequently televised funerals of servicemen, a colleague recently remarked, were "breaking his heart." Even the principal achievement of Begin's tenure, the peace treaty with Egypt, had been tarnished by the war in Lebanon. Relations with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak were cool, and Mubarak had accelerated his efforts to renew ties with the Arab world.

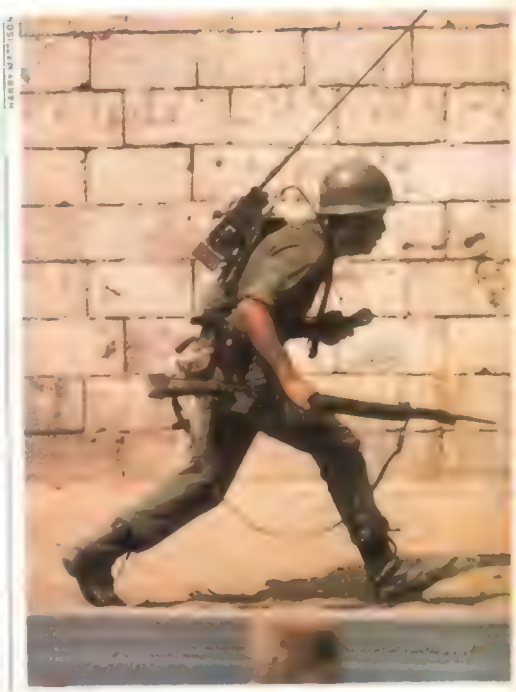
After five days of political uncertainty, Begin's Herut Party, the dominant group in the ruling Likud coalition, chose Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, 67, to replace Begin as party leader (*see following story*). Because of his age and his links with the past, the Polish-born Shamir was considered a transitional figure, a man who will try to hold the coalition together until elections take place, between now and June 1985. With some 36,000 Israeli troops still occupying one-third of Lebanon's territory, however, there was little chance that Lebanon would not come to dominate Shamir's agenda.

Last week also marked the anniversary of President Reagan's Middle East peace initiative, which he had announced the day the P.L.O. evacuation from Beirut was completed. Addressing himself to the plight of the 1.2 million Palestinian Arabs of the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, Reagan had called for negotiations leading to a future association between those territories and Jordan. The plan was quickly rejected by both Israelis and the radical Arabs, and even moderates like King Hussein of Jordan found they could not accept it without broader Arab support. Despite that reception, Reagan maintained last week that the initiative was "definitely alive" and remained "the only realistic basis that has thus far been presented" for resolving the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Throughout most of the past year, U.S. Middle East policy was as mired down by the impasse in Lebanon as were the warring parties themselves. After months of negotiation, the U.S. finally got Israel and Lebanon to agree to the withdrawal of the 36,000 Israeli troops in Lebanon. But that understanding was conditional upon the removal of 60,000 Syrian troops, and Syria, it soon became apparent, had no intention of accepting an agreement that it had played no part in framing. Washington's real aim was to get the foreign troops out of Lebanon in order to give Amin Gemayel a chance to rebuild his country. In the end, however, Reagan

CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS—MAGNUM

Armed with a machine gun and a rocket-propelled grenade, militiamen stand guard in Beirut



HARRY BENSON

A Lebanese soldier runs for cover, above; below, firemen douse a smoldering Lebanese tank

became fearful that too sudden a withdrawal of Israeli forces from the Beirut area could create an even greater problem for the Gemayel government.

Ironically, it was the Begin government's decision to pull its troops back to a more secure line at the Awali River, 17 miles south of Beirut, that helped precipitate the latest fighting. With the situation in Lebanon deteriorating, the U.S. had asked Begin to delay his government's plan to redeploy Israeli forces to the Awali. In one of his last acts as Prime Minister, Begin agreed to the Reagan request; in return, he received some harsh criticism from one of his colleagues. At the Cabinet meeting at which Begin announced his plan to resign, Minister Without Portfolio Ariel Sharon, who, as Defense Minister, had been the chief architect of Israel's misadventure in Lebanon, attacked him for having "sold out" to the Americans. The redeployment, which the Israelis were anxious to carry out in order to reduce their casualties, started late last week, leaving behind it an inevitable power vacuum. The area being evacuated in the Chouf Mountains southeast of Beirut is shared by the Druze and Christians, who have been alternately allies and enemies for centuries. Anticipating the Israeli move, socialist Druze and right-wing Christian militiamen have engaged in escalating clashes for the past ten months.

Second Lieut. Losey

Staff Sergeant Ortega

The latest round of fighting in Beirut was set off by a rivalry over political posters. Two weeks ago, the Christian Phalangists celebrated the first anniversary of the late Bashir Gemayel's election as President by putting up posters of their martyred hero. Last week it was the turn of Beirut's large Shi'ite Muslim community. It launched a poster campaign to honor its spiritual leader, Imam Musa Sadr, who disappeared five years ago during a visit to Libya. On Sunday afternoon, several young men in a predominantly Shi'ite suburb in the south of Beirut were pasting up posters of the Imam when shots were suddenly fired from a passing car, wounding at least one Shi'ite bystander. The Shi'ites maintain that the gunmen were Phalangists who, they say, have lately been venturing into the Shi'ite suburbs with increasing boldness.

In no time, armed members of the Shi'ite Amal organization were in the streets. That night fighting spread throughout the southern suburbs, and the Lebanese army lost control. Shi'ite militiamen attacked a checkpoint manned by U.S. Marines and Lebanese army soldiers, the first attack of any consequence directed at the Marines. Elsewhere that night, Druze and Christians in the Aley and Chouf districts to the southeast of Beirut exchanged sniper and artillery fire, and Druze gunners in the Syrian-held hills dropped rockets and artillery on Christian East Beirut.

The battle lines in the current conflict stem from last year's war in Lebanon. The expulsion of the P.L.O. and the Syrians from Beirut and southern Lebanon deprived the Lebanese Muslims and the Druze, who are members of a religious sect that emerged in the 11th century as an offshoot of Islam, of the allies they needed. When the Phalange-dominated Christian militia known as the Lebanese Forces moved into the Chouf Mountains with the Israelis last year, the Druze viewed the maneuver as an attempt by the Lebanese Christians to seize Druze land. Similarly, the Israelis and later the Lebanese army moved into West Beirut and attempted to disarm the Muslim militias, but they made no comparable effort to disarm the Lebanese Forces militia in East Beirut.

Relations between the government of Amin Gemayel and the Druze and Muslim groups worsened during the long stalemate over Israeli and Syrian withdrawals. When the Lebanese and Israelis signed the withdrawal agreement in May, it was understood that the Israelis would leave at the same time as the Syrian troops still in Lebanon. But the Syrians, strengthened with new Soviet arms, soon made clear that they had no intention of leaving any time soon, and so the Israelis also stayed. Later, when the Israelis began to plan their redeployment toward the south, the U.S. asked Israel for a timetable for its complete withdrawal from Lebanon. The U.S. hoped that this might convince the Lebanese, and particularly the Muslims, that Israel's partial redeployment would not lead to a permanent partition of their country. The U.S. also hoped that such a commitment, which Israel felt it could not make at the time, would ease the dangers following the Israeli pullout from the Beirut area. In the meantime, Gemayel steadfastly refused to discuss national reconciliation with opposition leaders as long as foreign troops remained in Lebanon.

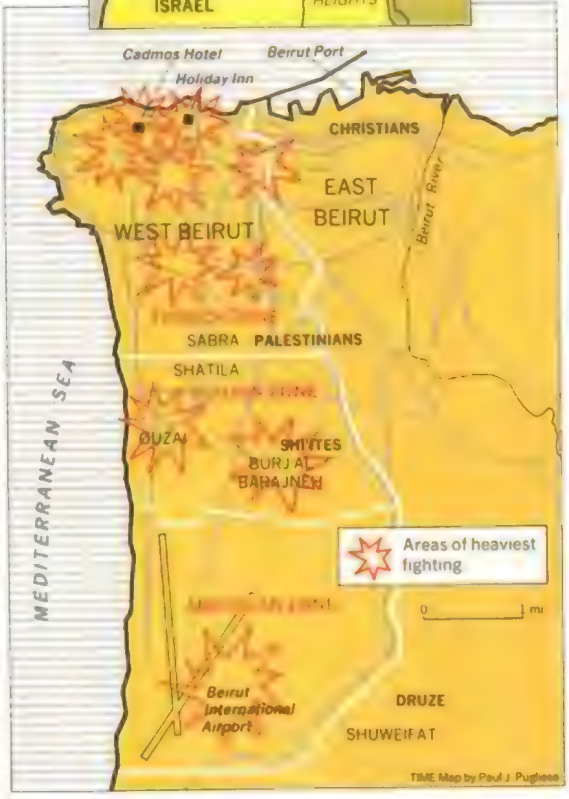
An Air Force honor guard carries the coffin of one of the dead Marines at Dover Air Force Base, Delaware

By that time, the Druze militia was receiving strong support from the Syrians in its fight against the Lebanese Forces in the Chouf Mountains. In July, Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt, 36, joined the Syrian-sponsored National Salvation Front, a Lebanese opposition group. He also pressed for a greater political role for the Druze in a nation in which the Christians and Sunni Muslims have traditionally divided power among themselves. Under prodding from the U.S., Gemayel belatedly began a frantic effort to hold discussions with Lebanese community leaders, but he got a cool reception from Muslims and non-Phalangist Christians. Two weeks ago, however, Jumblatt met in Paris with U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane and Gemayel Adviser Wadi Haddad.

Any hope that the meeting would ease tensions was quickly dissipated when the fighting resumed in Lebanon. One day after the death of the two U.S. Marines, five members of the French peacekeeping force were killed in two separate incidents. One soldier was riding in a water truck that was hit by a rocket-propelled grenade; three other legionnaires and a police officer died when the French embassy compound was struck by shells.

As the violence intensified, the Lebanese army sent 7,000 men into Beirut's southern suburbs, which are predominantly Shi'ite. The government soldiers endured intense sniper fire from Amal commandos but managed nonetheless to seize Amal's military headquarters, where they released 15 government soldiers who had been captured the day before. By that time, Amal militiamen had taken to the streets of West Beirut, where they were joined by fighters from the Druze and the smaller Murabitun militias. The myth that West Beirut had been disarmed last year was shattered as masked gunmen appeared with an impressive arsenal of weapons. The militiamen seized one of the government's three TV stations, and for three hours the screen was filled with photographs of Musa Sadr, the assassinated Druze leader Kamal Jumblatt (father of Walid), and the Amal insignia. The militiamen finally left the station after striking a deal with the government to exchange it for their militia headquarters. That night Muslim gunmen were in high spirits as they rode through West Beirut on the hoods of cars, firing into the air as they did during the P.L.O. evacuation from West Beirut a year ago.

With the Muslim militiamen in control of much of West Beirut as well as the main crossing points between the eastern and western sectors of the city, the Lebanese army attacked in force. Lebanese rangers mounted a helicopter assault to reinforce an army position at the Cadmos Hotel, a few hundred yards from the bombed hulk of the old U.S. embassy. Inside the Cadmos were 70 lightly armed U.S. Green Berets, who are in Lebanon to help train the army. U.S. Marines, backed by three naval vessels of the Sixth Fleet, which had moved to within one mile of the Lebanese shore, were ready to launch a rescue effort. As it turned out, their services were not needed.



At dawn Wednesday, three Lebanese army brigades with a total of 10,000 troops began a three-pronged move on West Beirut. Fighting continued all day and all night, with soldiers painstakingly creeping up side streets and alleyways in search of Muslim militiamen. By Thursday morning there were still pockets of resistance, but the army controlled West Beirut.

Two days earlier, when things were going their way, the Muslim militiamen had broadcast over loudspeakers a message to army troops outside the Cadmos Hotel: "To our beloved Lebanese army. We do not want to hurt you. The regime has used you as tools of the Phalangist conspiracy. Do not obey orders! Do not shoot!" It was one of many efforts by the militias to persuade army troops to break ranks by dividing along sectarian lines. Such a development was not unexpected. Earlier in the summer, a prominent Arab journalist in Beirut had predicted: "If the army has to fight the Shi'ites, it will break apart like a watermelon dropped on the pavement." Not only did the Lebanese army perform creditably last week, but, more important, it did not split apart. For the first time in eight years, the Lebanese government had an army that it could count upon.

On Wednesday evening, President Gemayel appealed for a national reconciliation and invited eleven prominent political figures, including the three leaders of the Salvation Front, to meet with him. After the army's successful campaign in West Beirut, however, Walid Jumblatt was in no mood to talk with the leaders of a government whose real aim, he said, was to "butcher the Muslims." Like everyone else in Lebanon, he knew that the army's next big test would come as the Israeli forces withdraw from the rugged Chouf and Aley regions where the Christians and the Druze live side by side in perpetual tension. Vowed Jumblatt: "We will defend ourselves with the weapons we have, and when Israel pulls out, the battle for the mountains will begin."

To the south of Beirut, the roads were clogged with frightened Lebanese carrying whatever belongings they could. Some were Muslims fleeing from the fighting in West Beirut. Others were Christians who were fed up with the shelling of East Beirut and, fearful of the future, moving to areas that will still be controlled by the Israelis after the troop redeployment. But, paradoxically, Beirut was basking in the radiance of a Mediterranean summer day. As in the city's crises of the past, shops were beginning to reopen. Bread was scarce but, miraculously, fresh flowers were on sale again. As a Western resident remarked, "The Lebanese at least have *savoir-faire*, if no common sense." The sound of tinkling glass could be heard on many streets as residents cleaned up after the week's havoc. Along the Corniche, as U.S. Marines in battle dress watched impassively, fishermen and swimmers were out early in the brilliant sunshine, demonstrating the extraordinary resilience of the city once again. —***By William E. Smith. Reported by William Stewart and Roberto Suro/ Beirut***

Heir to a Troublesome Legacy

As Begin's likely successor, Shamir faces formidable problems

The wall behind the stage in the Tel Aviv theater was decorated with huge Israeli flags, framing pictures of two Zionist heroes, Vladimir Jabotinsky and Theodor Herzl. Oddly, there was no photograph of Menachem Begin. Nor was the Prime Minister present as 950 members of the Herut Party gathered last week to elect his successor in a boisterous, eight-hour-long session. If the attention of an anxious nation had been riveted on Begin while he debated whether to resign, Israelis seemed determined, once that decision was made, to move into the new and uncertain post-Begin era without looking back.

Whenever the outgoing Prime Minister's name was mentioned from the speaker's podium, the noisy crowd of Herut loyalists erupted with cheers of "Begin, Begin." But as the long night of ballot counting passed, the name Shamir began to be heard more often. By 1:40 a.m., the decision was official. Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, 67, had defeated his only rival for the top party slot, Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, 45, by 436 votes to 302. The rapid sequence of events that had started with Begin's sudden announcement that he would resign seemed to have stunned Shamir. "I don't think he is hungry for the job," confided an aide. But the new leader of the Herut Party, the largest group in the Likud bloc, moved decisively to assure Israelis that the transition would be swift and smooth. Shamir said that one of his immediate goals would be "the consolidation and expansion of the political achievements already reached."

Shamir's first challenge will be to hold together the Likud coalition, a fragile alliance of seven factions. His political mettle will also be tested by a formidable list of domestic and foreign problems. Not only have the deaths of 517 Israeli soldiers in Lebanon over the past year failed to guarantee peace, but the price tag for the occupation of Lebanon comes to more than $1 million a day. This burden comes at a time when inflation is racing along at a triple-digit rate and foreign debt has reached $20.9 billion. Israel has also gone through a testy period in its relations with the U.S. because of last year's invasion of Lebanon and Israel's refusal to consider the Middle East peace plan proposed by President Reagan.

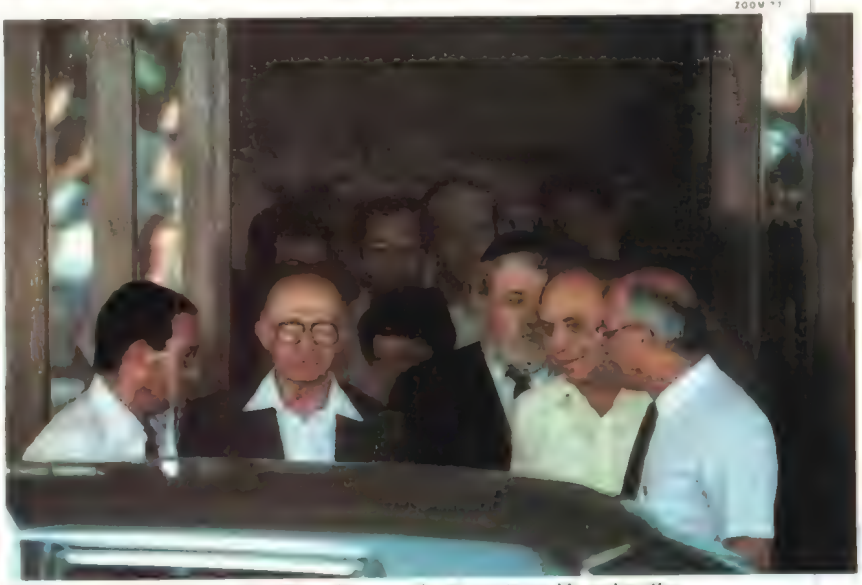
The first foreign reaction came from Bonn, where West German officials announced that Chancellor Helmut Kohl had postponed a visit to Israel. U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz was noticeably laconic in responding to the news of Begin's resignation. "I wish him well," said Shultz. "We'll deal with the new government when it appears." Enjoying the prerogatives of the elder statesman, former President Gerald Ford expressed the hope that Begin's successor would bring about "a bit more flexibility than has been exhibited by the Israeli government in the past." But even if Shamir's diplomatic experience makes him easier to deal with than the irascible Begin, U.S. officials do not expect him to be more flexible than his predecessors on the main area of dispute with the U.S.: the continued occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, the home of some 1.2 million Palestinian Arabs. Shamir, said a Western diplomat, is "essentially more of the same without the authority or charisma."

Israelis were stunned when Begin, 70, suddenly announced at a Cabinet meeting early last week that he intended to resign. The Prime Minister, who has suffered two heart attacks, one stroke and a broken hip, has been in poor health for some time. In the past year, moreover, Begin has received a series of damaging jolts to his morale, each compounding the others. Last November, as he was about to deliver a speech in Los Angeles, he heard the news that his wife of 43 years, Aliza, had died after a long illness. Three months later, an independent Israeli commission looking into the massacre of more than 700 Arabs in Beirut refugee camps last September concluded that he shared a "certain degree of responsibility." Then came the death of his friend and confidant Deputy Prime Minister Simcha Ehrlich. Meanwhile, as the situation in Lebanon deteriorated, Begin became deeply concerned that history would not look favorably on his tenure.

As a result, Begin became increasingly morose and withdrawn. He avoided speeches, and those he gave were uncharacteristically short. Some of his Cabinet colleagues complained that the government was being allowed to drift without decisive leadership. Begin had become gaunt, almost skeletal; his eyes had a haunted look. Tired, sad and dispirited, Begin had, as an aide put it, "lost the fire." In July, he unexpectedly canceled a visit to Washington, citing "personal reasons."

Before delivering the formal letter of resignation to President Chaim Herzog, Begin promised to meet with representatives from his Likud coalition. Despite the assurances of a Begin aide that the Prime Minister was not being "Machiavellian," the slight delay seemed to signal that Begin would still be open to friendly persuasion. During the Monday-morning gathering in the Prime Minister's offices, one coalition leader after another pleaded with Begin to stay on, arguing that his departure might bring Labor Leader Shimon Peres to power and weaken the Israeli position in Lebanon and the West Bank. Begin sat through the meeting in stone-faced silence and told his political allies that he would let them know his final decision within a day.

As the uncertainty lingered, several hundred Begin loyalists kept a noisy vigil in front of the Prime Minister's Jerusalem residence. "Begin, King of Israel," they chanted. "Don't go to the President." A contingent of veterans from the



Visibly weary, Begin leaves his office after agreeing to postpone his resignation

A nostalgic supporter

Irgun, an underground group led by Begin that fought against the British in the 1940s, carried a sign reading FOR 40 YEARS WE TOOK ORDERS FROM YOU. NOW WE ARE GIVING YOU AN ORDER: STAY! Other Israelis held a placard with a more somber message: YOU SENT THE SOLDIERS TO LEBANON. YOU CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL THEY'RE HOME.

Begin kept the nation in suspense Tuesday morning while he discussed the redeployment of Israeli forces in Lebanon with U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane. As soon as the American emissary had left, Begin invited the Likud leaders

Shamir: the triumphant winner

to his office. He had already drafted the text of his letter to the President, he said, and sent it to be typed. But he listened patiently as his colleagues once again insisted that it was his duty to oversee the successful completion of his policy initiatives. "I cannot carry on," Begin finally said wearily. "If I thought I could continue, I would do so. I did not reach my decision on the spur of the moment."

As Begin reached for a pen with which to sign the typed version of his resignation, Minister of Economic Coordination Ya'acov Meridor made a final plea. "With all due respect, I reject your line of thinking, and I feel you must carry on," Meridor said. Begin paused for a moment and replied, "I can do this even without your agreement." He then signed the document. "You almost convinced me, and I was tempted," Begin said. "But what kind of example would this be? The entire nation and the world would have had to deal with one question: Would he resign or not?"

If that issue was now settled, Begin and his allies still had to ensure that power would be transferred to a new government dominated by the Likud. Under Israeli law, the President must ask a member of the Knesset, traditionally from the biggest parliamentary bloc, to form a new government. With 64 votes, three more than the necessary majority, the Likud coalition would be the most likely group to be given the go-ahead. But Likud leaders feared that without Begin to cajole its fractious factions into line, the alliance would fall apart, opening the way for Labor, which controls 50 seats, to be offered the chance to form a government.

The complicated transition of power could not start until the President had received the Prime Minister's formal notification. Taking advantage of that technicality, Finance Minister Yoram Aridor urged Begin to give the coalition a chance to designate a successor before he went to visit Herzog, "in order not to give the government to the Labor Party on a silver platter." Begin quickly agreed.

Almost immediately, the race was on for Begin's job as leader of the Herut Party, the largest faction within the Likud bloc. As eight Herut Cabinet members gathered to discuss the succession, Shamir was the clear front runner. But Levy, a Morocco-born trade union leader, shattered hopes of an early agreement. "There will be more than one candidate," he told his colleagues. Levy had rejected an offer from Shamir to become his Foreign Minister. Levy pressed the group to put the succession to the party's central committee, where, Levy thought, he enjoyed more support.

In an effort to check Levy's challenge, Shamir warned his fellow Herut Cabinet members of the dangers that might result from a contentious floor fight at a party meeting. "Time is working against us," he argued. "Labor is standing in ambush in the corner." Former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, who was forced to resign last February after the independent commission found that he had "made a grave mistake when he ignored the danger of acts of revenge and bloodshed" in the Beirut refugee camps, hinted that if the central committee took up the matter there might be many candidates, "including me." Levy, who had on several occasions last year opposed Sharon's handling of the invasion of Lebanon, turned to him and said, "Please, Arik, compete! It will only bring honor to the movement if there is a competition."

Faced with a standoff, the Herut caucus finally asked Meridor to have a confidential chat with Begin. Since the Prime Minister was thought to favor the more experienced Shamir over his young and relatively dovish rival, any word from Begin would have broken the deadlock. But the Prime Minister told Meridor that "in the matter of choosing a successor, I do not want to interfere." Sharon then declared his support for Shamir. One reason: he may have been offered an important post in a Shamir government, possibly as chairman of the Ministerial Committee for Settlement Programs.

During the crucial countdown to the central committee balloting, Shamir and Levy supporters actively solicited votes by telephone. When the two candidates finally appeared at the Tel Aviv theater Thursday evening, they warmly embraced each other and held up clasped hands, like two middleweights preparing to do battle. Levy insisted that he was less interested in victory than in a "good contest." But Shamir candidly admitted that he was not certain "everybody who says he will vote for me is telling the truth." The rousing welcome that the delegates gave Sharon as he triumphantly entered the auditorium suggested that the former Defense Minister, whatever his political liabilities, might have given both candidates a run for their money if he had not withdrawn from the race.

Levy: the young rival

Sharon: still popular

If the outcome of the election had seemed to be in doubt, it was clear once the plain white paper ballots were counted that the Herut had decisively opted for the older and politically seasoned Shamir. As soon as the results were announced, Meridor rushed off to telephone Begin.

Having carried the day within the Herut, Shamir still had to convince the President that he could command a majority of the 120-member parliament. For this he needed to present a list of at least 61 parliamentary supporters. At first, representatives of the smaller parties that had supported Begin refused to commit themselves. The TAMI Party, which represents North African Jews, threatened to break ranks over budget cuts that, its members claim, have taken too much from the poor. Six other deputies demanded a "national unity" government that would include ministers drawn from the Labor Party.

Barely twelve hours after his nomination, Shamir summoned the leaders of the present coalition. They quickly gave him their endorsement. Communications Minister Mordechai Zippori jubilantly announced that the coalition had "accomplished 99% and all that remains is small details." But Shamir was cautious and suggested that the jockeying for influence was far from over. Said he: "I hope that in another two or three days we will conclude negotiations and be able to bring a new government to the Knesset."

At week's end Begin still had not made his expected trip to the President's office. But once he does, the way may be clear for Shamir to try to form a government. According to Israeli law he has three weeks. If he needs more time he can ask for two extensions.

If, by then, Shamir still cannot patch together a convincing parliamentary majority, Herzog may turn to Labor, the largest party in the Knesset. Labor Leader Peres, 60, had begun to woo members of the small parties as soon as he heard the news of Begin's resignation. But the opposition has suffered from the long-festering feud between Peres and former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. Besides, given Shamir's rapid move to consolidate power, it seemed unlikely that Labor would be given the chance to return to power without elections, which are now scheduled for 1985.

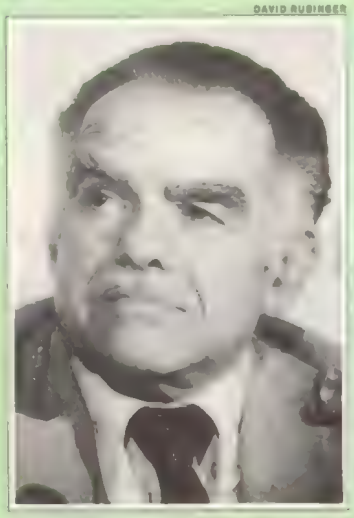
During his years in power, Begin so thoroughly dominated Israeli life by the sheer force of his personality that his sudden exit from politics was sure to usher in a period of instability. Shamir will not find it easy to fill the void left by the indomitable Begin, who could make peace with Egypt and wage war in Lebanon. But Begin's successor will probably be a transitional leader, as unlikely to respond to bold initiatives as to launch them. That will make it all the more difficult for him to sort out Begin's troubled, and troublesome, legacy. —*By John Kohan. Reported by Harry Kelly and Robert Slater/Jerusalem*

Blending Sincerity with Style

He favors regular hours and punctilious habits, but admires, and often exemplifies, a debonair style. He savors jokes, but does not tell them. And even though he rarely raises his voice, he has always been fired by passionate convictions. As Menachem Begin's successor, Yitzhak Shamir, 67, is at once less strident and more uncompromising than his former boss. Instead of denouncing or defending Begin's policies, the small (5 ft. 4 in.) man with deep-set eyes and a shock of gray-black hair may simply take to investing them with his distinct brand of quiet, guarded authority. "He is," says a Jerusalem editor, "the only man I know who can strut while he's sitting down."

Ever since his youth in Rozana, Poland (as Yitzhak Yezernitzky), Shamir has dedicated himself to militant Zionism. While a law student at the University of Warsaw, he threw all his energies into Vladimir Jabotinsky's aggressive movement pledged to the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine. After emigrating to British-ruled Palestine in 1935, Shamir entered the law school of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, only to drop out in 1937, as the Arab revolt against the burgeoning Jewish presence in Palestine intensified. That same year, he joined Irgun Zrai Leumi (National Military Organization), the radical terrorist group whose subsequent leader was Menachem Begin.

DAVID RUBINGER



Foreign Minister Shamir

When Jewish Nationalist Avraham Stern formed an even more bellicose splinter group, the Lohamei Herut Israel (Israel Freedom Fighters) in 1940, Shamir promptly enlisted and began acting on Stern's assumption that Zionism's principal foe was not Germany but Britain. He soon became a leader of the notorious, sometimes ruthless "Stern Gang," which in 1944 assassinated the British resident minister in Cairo, and is believed to have committed the 1948 murder of Swedish U.N. Mediator Folke Bernadotte. Twice Shamir was imprisoned by the British, and twice he escaped. In 1941 he stole out of detention, grew a full beard and traveled around the country disguised as a rabbi; in 1946 he helped fellow prisoners in Eritrea tunnel their way to freedom, fled to Ethiopia and sought asylum in France. When the British quit Palestine in 1948, following the creation of the state of Israel, Shamir returned at last to Tel Aviv. He later entered the shadowy realm of Israel's intelligence agency, MOSSAD.

It was not until 1969, after he had become the manager of a small rubber factory, that Shamir began to attend meetings of Begin's Herut Party. Employing his adroit administrative skills, he established a department to attract members from the flood of Jewish immigrants who had arrived in the wake of the 1967 war. In 1973, he won a seat in the Knesset and, following his re-election four years later, he was appointed Speaker of the body. Although Shamir had irritated Begin by refusing to support the Camp David agreements, the Prime Minister recognized in him an invaluable ally. In 1980 Begin made Shamir his Foreign Minister.

The onetime guerrilla surprised many critics by managing his new position with competence and cool. He met four African leaders in the hope of regaining their diplomatic recognition of Israel, and made four trips to Western Europe to argue against the European Community's 1980 Venice Declaration, which recognized the Palestine Liberation Organization and called for a Palestinian state. He also struck up what one aide calls an "instant chemistry" with U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz. Shamir's only major blemish appeared last February when the Kahan commission of inquiry reprimanded him severely for having failed to verify early reports of the massacre of more than 700 Palestinians in two Beirut refugee camps. Despite that omission, his standing within Israel remains unshakable. Says a U.S. official who knows him well: "He's a tough son of a gun." Adds an admiring aide: "Shamir does not shoot from the hip. He is a good listener and a good reader." That useful blend of tenacity and watchfulness will now be put to the test.

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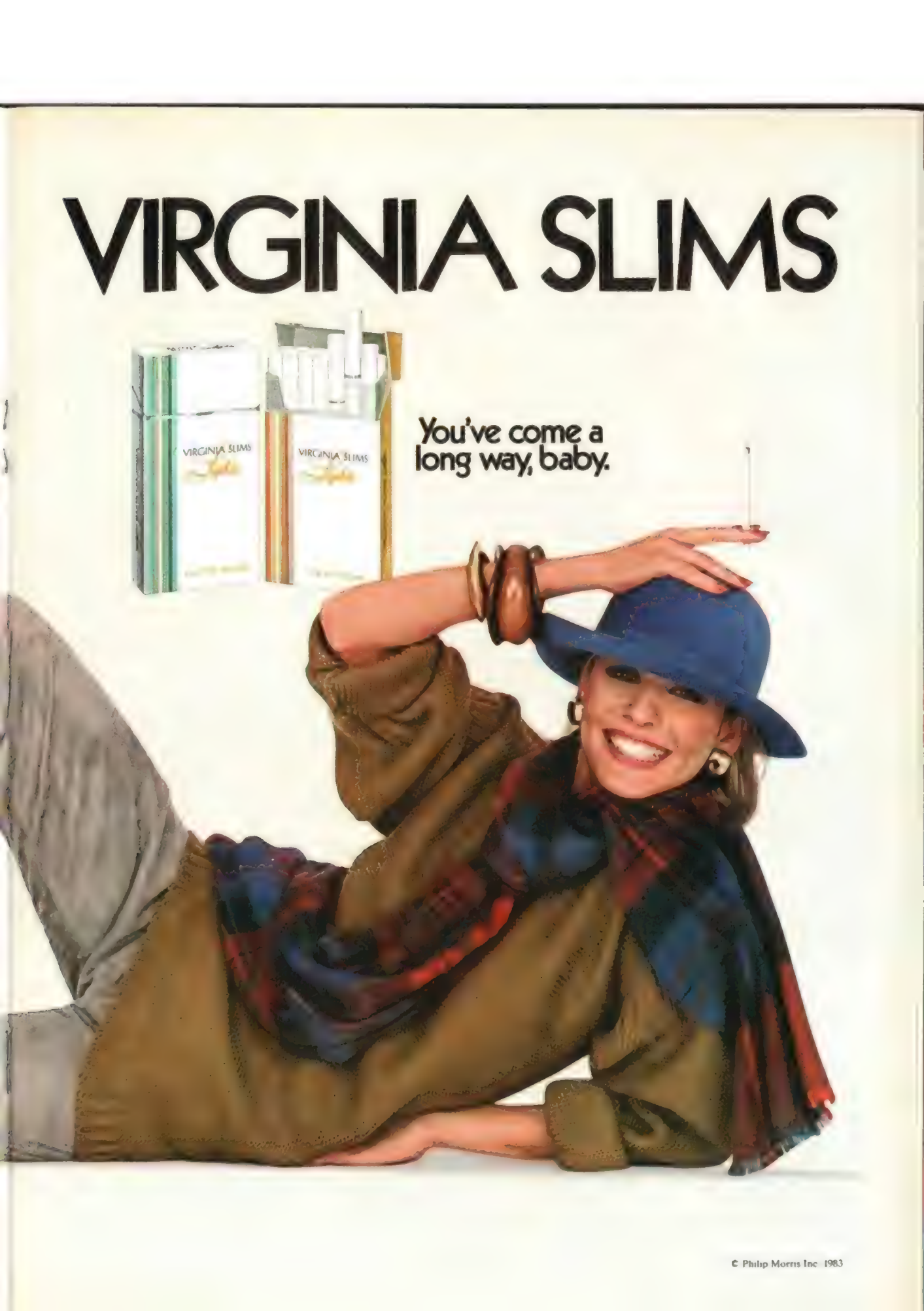

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THE PHILIPPINES

A Mass Requiem in Manila

Aquino is buried amid outpourings of mourning and militancy

For days, hundreds of thousands of mourners had filed past his glass-covered coffin in suburban Manila. Countless tears had been shed; calls for insurrection had been voiced. Finally, there were only simple things left to say over the body of the murdered folk hero before it was laid to rest. Jaime Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila, knew that well as he stood in front of a quiet crowd of mourners in the Quezon City Church of Santo Domingo. The prelate gazed upon the remains of Philippine Opposition Leader Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino Jr., and announced the theme of the funeral oration that would be carried across his troubled nation. It was a single word: "Peace!"

Sin's invocation was first of all a prayer for the soul of the bloodied corpse before him: the earthly remains of the country's most famous and charismatic opponent-in-exile of the authoritarian rule of visibly ailing President Ferdinand Marcos, 65. Long regarded as Marcos' presidential successor before the country's strongman declared martial law in 1972, Aquino spent 7½ years in Philippine jails on charges of murder, illegal possession of firearms and subversion, and three more years of exile in the U.S. Ignoring innumerable threats and an official death sentence against him, Aquino returned home on Aug. 21. Within 30 seconds of his arrival at Manila International Airport, he was murdered by a single shot from an assassin's .357 Magnum revolver.

Sin's funeral refrain was also intended as a call for reconciliation in the populous (53 million) Philippines, which may face its worst political crisis in decades because of Aquino's murder. The assassination seared the country's consciousness and may have dealt a mortal blow to the idea of a nonviolent and nonmilitary succession in the Philippines after Marcos. The prospect of upheaval, in turn, threatens vital U.S. interests in the strategic islands.

Few Filipinos were yet concerned with the broader consequences of the Cardinal's plea for social peace. Their concern was with Aquino. Nonetheless, after days of public viewing of the martyr's corpse, the crowds respected the Aquino family's wish for a relatively private funeral. Among the nonfamily members present at the service were officials of the U.S. (Ambassador Michael Armacost), Japan, Canada, Australia and the European Community, which sent representatives despite the Philippine foreign ministry's disapproval. No one from the Marcos regime came to the funeral.

After the ceremonies were over, Aquino's plain wooden coffin, draped with the Philippine national flag, was carried out of the church by 16 pallbearers amid cheers and chants of "Ninoy, Ninoy." When the coffin was placed atop the flower-bedecked platform of a flatbed truck, a crowd that had gathered before dawn went wild. Police estimated that, despite torrential rains, more than 1 million people had gathered along the 19-mile route between the Santo Domingo Church and the Manila Memorial Park cemetery.

The funeral procession took ten hours to reach the cemetery. During that time, the mood of the accompanying Filipinos shifted back and forth between mourning and militancy, although the crowd never abandoned an impressive collective discipline. But gradually the participants became aware that they were engaged in the largest public demonstration seen in the country since Marcos' imposition of martial law. Groups of youngsters sang folk songs, and as the cortege passed near the Malacañang Palace, the President's official residence, shouts of *Democrasya, Kalayaan, Himagsikan!* (democracy, freedom, revolution) were heard.

Violence broke out only after dark, while Aquino's body was being laid into a temporary cement sepulcher, where it will remain until members of his family can agree on a final resting place. Before masons had cemented the vault closed, several thousand youths returned to the

Braving a heavy thunderstorm, thousands of Filipinos crowd around the slain leader's coffin on the way to the cemetery

center of Manila, within a block of Malacañang, beating pots and pans and shouting, *"Laban!"* (fight). They were met by squads of police toting guns and riot shields. As the youths threw rocks and small homemade grenades, the police waded in, eventually dispersing the demonstrators by shooting into the air. At the end of the confrontation, one student had been killed and several police wounded.

Marcos kept a low profile during the days following Aquino's death. One of his main activities, however, was to act as host at a dinner, to the dismay of U.S. officials, for visiting Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, and to declare to his guest that "unfortunately you came at this dark hour, but I think we will get over it." Marcos reiterated his conviction that the only people who had gained from Aquino's assassination were "local Communists."

Certainly the odds against a peaceful transition to post-Marcos democracy had tragically lengthened. Deprived of their most visible leader, the President's moderate opponents called for Marcos' resignation and for the formation of a caretaker government prior to national elections. The moderates, however, grouped in an umbrella organization called UNIDO (United Nationalist Democratic Organization), stopped short of calling for a boycott of parliamentary elections scheduled for next year.

Philippine leftists were equally cautious. Some agreed with the conventional wisdom that the death of Aquino meant the death of the political center. Others wondered whether Aquino's martyrdom had not galvanized a hitherto silent majority of moderates. In any event, no one was rushing to take advantage of last week's outpouring of emotion. "It would not take a lot to ignite something in the present political climate," said a leftist with links to the Communist leadership. "But once you ignite that spark here, we would have a military government, and [the left-wing organizations] don't want that."

The government moved a small step toward explaining the assassination by identifying the gunman who allegedly shot Aquino. The murderer, authorities said, was Rolando Galman y Dawang, "a notorious killer, a gun for hire, who had reportedly been used by various elements, including organized syndicated crime, or by subversive elements." That description only compounded the mystery. If the killer was a hired gun, who hired him? Why did it take nine days to identify a well-known gunman? How did he know which plane Aquino would be taking? How did he breach the heavy airport security? A five-member commission appointed by Marcos will begin looking for answers this week. It was a measure of the President's credibility that few Filipinos expected anything to come of it. —***By George Russell. Reported by Sandra Burton and Nelly Sindayen/ Manila***

ZIMBABWE

Court Overruled

Clapping the acquitted in irons

The verdict brought cheers from the packed gallery in Zimbabwe's High Court. Air Force Chief of Staff Hugh Slatter and his five co-defendants and fellow officers, ruled Judge Enoch Dumbutshena, were innocent of charges that they had aided in a devastating sabotage attack on Zimbabwe's air force in 1982. The government's case against the officers, he declared, rested on inadmissible confessions extracted under torture.

It was a brief respite. Within 15 minutes, as the crowd shouted, "Shame, shame," guards had reshackled the prisoners and led them back to their cells. The government of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe was detaining the officers without charges under Zimbabwe's broad Law and Order Maintenance Act, announced Minister of Home Affairs Herbert Ushewokunze, because their release would "be a danger to public safety and order."

The decision brought a flood of protests. Joshua Nkomo, Mugabe's principal political rival, denounced the move as reminiscent of arbitrary arrests made under the white-dominated rule of Prime Minister Ian Smith. Four of the six men hold dual Zimbabwe-British citizenship, and last week the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher expressed its "very great concern" over the incident.

The officers, all of them white, were accused of abetting saboteurs from neighboring South Africa who destroyed or damaged about 25% of Zimbabwe's combat aircraft with phosphorus grenades in a midnight raid a year ago on Thornhill air force base in the Zimbabwe midlands. They were brought to court in May and faced maximum penalties of death or life imprisonment.

The 44-day trial drew capacity crowds, including families of the accused, Air Force and Army officers and observers from the U.S. and British embassies. In arguments before Dumbutshena, who is Zimbabwe's first black judge, the government prosecutor used signed confessions from the defendants to bolster claims that the men were recruited for the attack by South African agents. According to the prosecution, one officer admitted the bombing was intended to bring about the fall of Mugabe's government.

In response, the defendants charged that they had been tortured into making false confessions. Wing Commander John Cox told the court that his interrogators rubbed a "red-hot wire brush" between his buttocks, then tortured him with electric shocks. After the ordeal, he testified, "I asked them what they wanted me to say."

Other officers gave similarly lurid accounts. Air Commodore Philip Pile claimed that he was taken into the bush and told he would be shot unless he confessed. Flight Lieut. Barrington Lloyd testified that after a night of electric-shock treatments, he slashed his wrists with glass from his spectacles and scrawled TORTURE WITH BATTERIES on the cell wall before being hospitalized for blood loss. Expert witnesses agreed that the defendants' physical condition was consistent with their testimony. All six men said that they had been denied access to lawyers during the early days of their detention.

Pile and Slatter redetained after being declared not guilty of abetting sabotage

Tales of torture with electric shocks and a hot wire brush that had "the ring of truth."

In finding the officers innocent, Dumbutshena said their stories of mistreatment had "the ring of truth," while the government had mustered "very little incriminating evidence." Dumbutshena, however, is powerless to dismiss the new government detention order. It will confine the men indefinitely while a tribunal evaluates the government's case for jailing them. The order continues a disturbing trend in Zimbabwe: in the past year, eight other people found not guilty of security-related crimes have nevertheless been rearrested without charge. Increasingly, it seems, Mugabe is uncomfortable leaving justice in the hands of the courts. ■

NOVEL

Unique Updike.
At 50, he's written his way to the top of his craft. TIME drew a portrait of the artist, and his singular brand of old-fashioned realism. What emerged is a man's determination to resist the corruption of his own success, and a passionate dedication to his art. Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

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TIME

CANADA

Smelling Power

Mr. Mulroney goes to Ottawa

The occasion was important enough for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to interrupt his official tour of Greece last week and make a statement. Almost 5,000 miles away, fellow Quebecker Brian Mulroney, 44, a bilingual businessman who became leader of the opposition Progressive Conservative Party in June, had just won his first seat in the House of Commons. Mulroney had thus positioned himself to run for Prime Minister in Canada's next federal elections. Graciously calling Mulroney "a formidable opponent," Trudeau, 63, declared: "We will certainly be treating him with respect—and apprehension."

Trudeau's confidence could not conceal the deepening malaise within his Liberal Party. Mulroney's rise to the Conservative leadership, combined with widespread public dissatisfaction over Trudeau's 15-year tenure in Ottawa, has given the Tories an unprecedented 55%-to-27% edge over the Liberals in recent polls. Says former Conservative Deputy Prime Minister Walter Baker: "We smell power."

Reversing the usual path of Canadian politics, the tall, well-groomed Mulroney was elected Conservative leader without ever having won elective office. Because a Prime Minister must be a Member of Parliament, a Tory M.P. from rural Nova Scotia obligingly quit his seat, precipitating a by-election. Immediately announcing his candidacy, Mulroney moved his family from Montreal into a three-bedroom log cabin in Northumberland Strait, Nova Scotia, and forswore his Gucci shoes and expensive suits for moccasins and old sweaters. He stuck close to matters of local concern, such as improving harbors and providing financial aid for fishermen, and cannily refused to be drawn into defining his stance on national issues. That was not enough to stave off noisy charges that Mulroney was a "cottager," or outsider. Nonetheless, his easy manner quickly won the admiration of crusty Nova Scotians. Mulroney trounced his closest rival in last week's by-election, 18,882 to 7,828.

CANAPRESS PHOTO SERVICE

Tory Leader Brian Mulroney

From Guccis to moccasins.

The son of an English-speaking electrician from the Quebec mining town of Baie Comeau, Mulroney was a labor negotiator before becoming president of the U.S.-owned Iron Ore Company of Canada. He insists that he will spell out specific policies only when Trudeau calls elections, as he must by February 1985. Generally, Mulroney favors increased defense expenditures, incentives to businessmen and investors, and the maintenance of major social programs. But he is also committed to a balanced federal budget and reduced government spending. He has yet to explain how he intends to reconcile these contradictory objectives. "Certainly there will be restraint, but spending cuts will be fairly modest," he says. "We are not Britain. We are not the U.S."

Mulroney's Quebec origins and his fluent French give him a rare advantage for a Conservative: he may be able to win substantial support in the French-speaking province, which has traditionally backed Liberals. His popularity has, in the words of Deputy Prime Minister Allan MacEachen, "spooked" Trudeau's ruling Liberal Party. To make matters worse, the government is saddled with a 12% unemployment rate and an embarrassing flurry of miniscandals involving official graft and alleged influence peddling. Despite growing signs that an economic recovery is under way, Liberal loyalists are becoming restless. Though Trudeau announced in 1980 that he would not lead the Liberals into the next election, two weeks ago six Liberal M.P.s called for his resignation. ■

Shades of Former Glory

Once again workers were marching through the streets of Gdansk, shouting out the name of Solidarity and flourishing their familiar V signs, and once again Lech Walesa was walking at their head. As the passionate faithful, 3,000 strong, neared the town's 151-foot monument to workers slain in 1970, they were stopped by a cordon of security police. Walesa and his bodyguard were permitted to pass. Advancing to the monument, the stocky electrician knelt before its three towering steel crosses and gently laid at its base a bouquet of red and pink gladioli. Then, flanked by security police, Walesa slowly raised his right hand in the defiant V sign.

That symbolic gesture marked the third anniversary of the founding of the now outlawed independent trade union Solidarity. It was also part of the most spirited public protests since the government put an end to 19 months of martial law. The turbulence was initially triggered by the appearance of Deputy Premier Miecyzslaw Rakowski before 700 shipworkers in Gdansk. His address was interrupted by heckling; it was followed by a speech in which Walesa boldly rebuked the government. When the authorities decided to broadcast the incident on national television, thousands of sympathizers around the country took to the streets. Walesa and other opposition leaders contrived to dampen the fervor of the crowds, and the militia managed to suppress the dissent without much difficulty. Still there was a message in last week's outbursts: though Solidarity may be nonexistent on paper, it is still very much alive in spirit.

Bearing flowers, Walesa leads his rejuvenated flock

The Pope celebrating Mass at the Jesuit chapel in Rome last week, assisted by Fathers Paolo Dezza, left, and Giuseppe Pittau

Religion

Looking for a New General

With John Paul's blessing, the Jesuits meet to elect a leader

Pope John Paul II has traveled tens of thousands of miles to interpret and preach the Gospel to the world's 784 million Roman Catholics. But the short trip he took last Friday morning, to an imposing gray stone building just one block from St. Peter's Square, rivaled many longer journeys in historic significance: for the first time in nearly 450 years, a Pope was paying an official visit to the headquarters of the Society of Jesus, the most powerful and prestigious of Catholic religious orders for men. By celebrating a Mass to open the Jesuits' 33rd general congregation, which is meeting to elect a new superior general, John Paul was also making a conciliatory gesture to a spiritual organization, some of whose 26,000 members have been at odds with him on the proper role of the church, and the Jesuit order, in contemporary society. The Pope underscored these differences in his homily, quoting St. Paul: "I urge you to lead a life worthy of your vocation."

The gathering in Rome last week of 220 delegates from Jesuit provinces around the world may bring to an end two years of uncertainty over the order's future. The underlying question: What kind of political role may Jesuits play while fighting for social justice? The issue was raised, indirectly, in 1981 when the Pope overruled the wishes of the Jesuits' ailing superior general, Father Pedro Arrupe, now 75, who had designated Father Vincent O'Keefe, 63, a former president of Fordham University, as his successor until elections could be held. Instead, John Paul appointed Father Paolo Dezza, now 81, a philosopher and former rector of Rome's Gregorian University, known for his traditional views on theological and social issues. That unprecedented intervention in the affairs of the society drew hundreds of letters of protest from Jesuits. It also made unmistakably clear the Pope's unhappiness with certain trends within the order.

Addressing delegates to the congregation, John Paul last week reminded them of the need "to promote the justice, connected with world peace, which is an aspiration of all peoples. But this action must be exercised in conformity with your vocation as religious and priests, without confusing the tasks proper to priests with those that are proper to lay people." Previously, the Pope had expressed his displeasure with some Jesuits who have openly challenged church teaching on such issues as birth control, the ordination of women and the celibacy of priests.

Under Arrupe, a charismatic Basque priest who was elected in 1965 as the 27th successor to the society's 16th century founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola, Jesuits often took a direct role in politics. In 1967, for example, Father Arrupe told American Jesuits that they could not remove themselves from the civil rights struggles then being waged. When Jesuit Activist Daniel Berrigan was in prison for his 1968 attempt to destroy U.S. Army draft records, Arrupe visited him, thereby giving tacit approval to Berrigan's civil disobedience. Jesuit Father Robert Drinan served as Congressman for the Fourth District in Massachusetts until the Pope forbade him to seek re-election in 1980.

Jesuits have been most active politically in Central and South America. Two priests of the order hold minor posts in Nicaragua's Sandinista government. Others have been deeply involved in revolutionary movements in El Salvador, Guatemala, Brazil and elsewhere. During his 1980 visit to Brazil, the Pope applauded priests for defending the rights of the oppressed but warned them explicitly against seeking or holding political office.

To some extent, the forces that brought some Jesuits into conflict with the Pope are linked to broader changes overtaking the church. Jesuit membership in most Western industrialized nations is falling, and the ranks have been reduced worldwide from 36,000 in 1965 to 26,000 today. But the society is still growing in such Third World countries as India and Zaïre. India, for example, now has more Jesuits (3,200) than any other nation except the U.S. (5,500), where the order's primary concern is education (it operates 28 colleges and universities and 47 high schools).

Like the Pope, the Jesuit general serves for life. Arrupe, who suffered a massive stroke in 1981, is the first head of the order to step down. When the delegates closet themselves this week for several days of meditation before casting their votes, their first act will be to accept Arrupe's resignation.

The society's time-honored electoral rules are strict; no delegate may advocate the candidacy of another, let alone propose himself. If there is a leading candidate, it may be Dezza's Pope-appointed deputy, Father Giuseppe Pittau, 54, an Italian scholar with a Ph.D. in political science from Harvard. He is respected by his colleagues and trusted by the Vatican, although he has generally progressive views on social activism. Still, the delegates might select a priest virtually unknown outside the ranks of the order. A once obscure Cardinal from Cracow might understand that choice best. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Walter Galling/Rome*

A Bright Star Aloft for NASA

Despite minor glitches, the shuttle's eighth flight goes smoothly

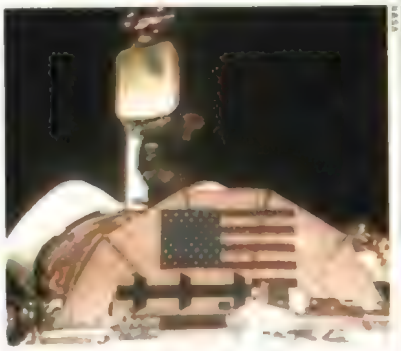
"It was like the inside of a bonfire." Thus did the pilot of *Challenger*, Daniel Brandenstein, describe the fiery view from his cockpit last week during the first nighttime launch of a U.S. space shuttle. So bright were the exhaust flames of *Challenger's* main engines and twin solid-fuel rocket boosters, which burn at 6000° F, that observers gathered at Kennedy Space Center for the eighth flight of NASA's Space Transportation System (STS-8) could read newspapers outdoors at 2:32 a.m. Awed by the sight of the flames against the night sky, Flight Commander Richard Truly, a veteran of the shuttle's second flight, asked ground controllers to record his impressions moments after lift-off. Said he: "The light from the solid rocket motors was about 500 times more than I remember on STS-2."

The nighttime lift-off was necessary to accomplish one of the mission's major goals: the launch for the government of India of a $45 million communications and weather satellite, known as Insat-1B. According to the laws of orbital mechanics, it was the only time of day that *Challenger* could leave Kennedy and be in position to place Insat-1B into the proper orbit over India.

On the shuttle's second day aloft, while orbiting 185 miles above the Pacific, the crew set Insat-1B spinning outside the open doors of the shuttle's payload bay. The satellite spun near by in space for 45 minutes, then, reflecting the sun's rays like a giant shiny ice cube, it flawlessly began its week-long climb to an altitude of 22,300 miles, propelled by its own rocket boosters. "The deployment was on time, and the satellite looks good," reported Mission Specialist Guion S. Bluford Jr., an aerospace engineer and veteran Air Force pilot who is the first U.S. black astronaut to fly a space mission.

Bluford's report delighted NASA's engineers, as did the absence of other serious problems aboard the shuttle when the five-man crew completed its orbital agenda. A key test of the *Challenger's* 50-ft. mechanical arm went off smoothly. Guided by Bluford and Mission Specialist Dale Gardner, the arm slowly grasped an 8,500-lb. dumbbell in the middle of the cargo bay, hauled it out into space and brought it back inside. The test was a preparation for STS-13, scheduled for next April, when NASA hopes the arm will pluck a malfunctioning 5,100-lb. satellite from space and bring it aboard the shuttle for repairs. Throughout the flight, Bluford and other crew members served as subjects for research conducted aloft by Astronaut and Physician William Thornton, into the causes of motion sickness. Fully 40% of shuttle astronauts have complained of nausea while weightless in space. To aid understanding of the malady, crew members affixed electrodes to their skin to record eye movements as they floated about the weightless cabin.

One jarring note was the loud whine of a smoke-alarm klaxon, which briefly startled the crew. Because a fire or any outpouring of gas in *Challenger's* confined atmosphere would have lethal potential, the shuttle has seven fire extinguishers primed for instant use. However, a quick check showed that the alarm was set off by a sensor in the cargo area's aft bay No. 1.



Insat-1B spins free from the mother ship

A flaming *Challenger* lifts off at night before onlookers, below.

Space Physician Thornton

Mission Specialist Bluford

that had a history of being supersensitive, like a home smoke detector that goes off at the merest cigarette puff. Other sensors on *Challenger's* control panel were normal, and so, with the approval of flight engineers, the crew turned off the trigger-happy sensor, relying for fire warnings on the others aboard. "They handled it with easy skill," said one flight director, "like the old pros that they are."

At week's end, after six days in space that fulfilled the astronauts' pre-launch hope for a mission that would be technically "routine," *Challenger* was readied for its first nighttime landing, scheduled to take place five hours before dawn on Monday at California's Edwards Air Force Base.

Among those cheering the astronauts on was vacationing President Reagan, who placed a televised phone call from his ranch near Santa Barbara, Calif., to the orbiting crew. Reagan, whose budget and hiring policies have drawn sharp criticism from black leaders, included a special message of congratulations for Bluford. Said the President: "You, I think, are paving the way for many others, and you are making it plain we are in an era of brotherhood here in our land." It was Commander Truly who thanked Reagan on behalf of all the crew members. Said Truly: "We appreciate your taking time to call us, and we're very pleased and proud to be here."

NASA officials had hoped that Reagan's call would be electronically routed to *Challenger* through the troubled Tracking and Data Relay Satellite (TDRS), which failed to reach its proper orbit for more than two months after its April launch. The satellite is supposed to enable continuous transmissions from space to ground while the shuttles orbit around the globe. TDRS made successful hookups with *Challenger* earlier in the mission, but by the time Reagan placed his call, the $1 billion radio relay system was temporarily on the fritz. The cause: computer failure at the radio receiving station in White Sands, N. Mex. So Reagan's call was routed the old way, via a ground transmitter in Hawaii. Conceded Flight Director Harold M. Draughon: "We're having some maturity problems with the TDRS."

A working TDRS is the key to the shuttle's next flight, STS-9 (scheduled for Oct. 28). The system will be vital to the operation of the European-built Spacelab, a laboratory for ongoing space experiments to be borne aloft by STS-9. To reassure Spacelab's anxious European backers, NASA added a day to the initial schedule for STS-8, thus allowing more time for the crew to check the voice, data and video transmission circuits of TDRS. Though the system delivered an "out of order" message to the President, NASA technicians were at pains to insist that at other times during the week, the performance of the relay satellite, like *Challenger* itself, was "fantastic." ***—By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Kennedy Space Center***

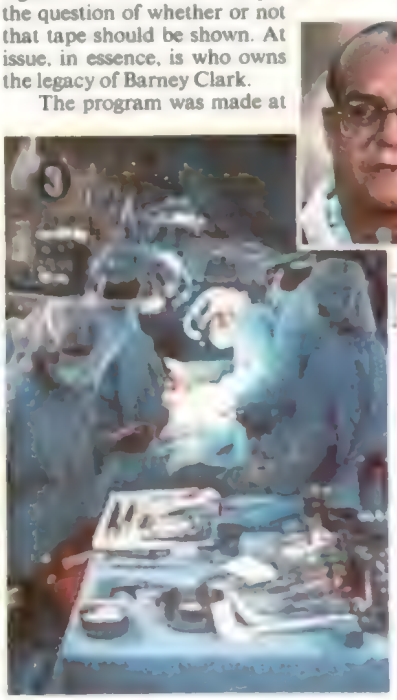
Law

Who Owns Barney Clark's Legacy?

Questions about release of a film on his heart surgery

"Please, please, please, work this time!" begged Dr. William DeVries. He had just snapped into place the polyurethane left ventricle of a new heart for his patient. The second attempt to install a ventricle worked, and Barney Clark made history by becoming the first person to receive a permanent artificial heart. The operation that gave Clark a precarious hold on life (he was to die 112 days later of multiorgan system failure) was videotaped as part of a documentary on his struggle to survive. Now a complex legal and ethical debate is going on over the question of whether or not that tape should be shown. At issue, in essence, is who owns the legacy of Barney Clark.

The program was made at a cost of $150,000 by KUED-TV, the public television station of the University of Utah, where the operation took place. The Clark family cooperated on the project, because, it says, it believed the surgery segment would be used only for medical or scientific purposes. The family now contends that releasing the tape would violate its right to privacy.



Released operation scene; inset, Clark

Privacy vs. *the public's right to know.*

The hour-long documentary shows Clark's chest being cut open, the removal of his heart and the implanting of the artificial organ. Says Una Loy Clark, Barney's widow: "I feel that it is really not in the best of taste to show these things. It smacks of sensationalism." She wept openly at seeing what she called her "loved one's body being exposed and cut." Though they would like to have the film aired, officials of the University of Utah, KUED and the hospital all say they will abide by Mrs. Clark's wishes. Others involved in the dispute, however, are not so acquiescent. Local commercial television stations not only want to lay claim to any footage that KUED ultimately airs but have considered taking legal action to get at any material the station retains at Mrs. Clark's behest. Ernie Ford, managing editor of KSL-TV News in Salt Lake City, has argued that the public has a right to see the tape because it was made in part at public expense.

But legal experts argue that KSL would first have to establish the fact that it had a proprietary interest in the film. To do so, KSL might argue that it had a right to the tape because the station was part of a "pool" arrangement that KUED made with local television outlets. Indeed, KUED has already shared three minutes of footage on the operation with commercial stations. But exactly how much film KUED agreed to release under the arrangement, made orally, is a matter of dispute between the public and private stations.

The next dispute to be resolved would be the Clark family's right to privacy against the public's right to know. Complicating matters, the hospital had Clark sign two seemingly contradictory releases. One, drawn up especially for him, restricts use of any film of the operation to purely "scientific presentation." The other, a standard publicity consent form, permits broadcast of films of Clark taken in the hospital.

If the Clarks argued in court for their right to privacy, say legal authorities, they might have difficulty winning the case. Columbia University Law Professor Vincent Blasi points out that courts generally have upheld similar privacy claims only if the material is "not of legitimate concern to the public" and is "highly offensive." Both points are debatable at best in this case.

One way to resolve the dilemma would be for KUED to release the film without the disputed surgery segment. That would satisfy Clark's widow, but might not prevent other stations from suing to obtain the dramatic outtakes. Indeed, release of a censored version is opposed even by Producer-Director Brian Capener, who made the documentary for KUED. Says he: "Our position is that if there is no operation, there is no film." ■

Sometimes First, Always Second

Can U.P.I.—the Avis of wire services—keep its motor running?

The bulletin from Manila scored a clear beat for United Press International: Correspondent Max Vanzi, who was on the scene, was thus able to report 3½ hours ahead of his Associated Press rivals, who depended on government spokesmen, that Philippine Politician Benigno Aquino had been shot down moments after returning from exile. Yet when the declarative U.P.I. report and a hedged, uncertain A.P. bulletin came over the wire to the Washington *Post* shortly after 2 a.m. two weeks ago, editors decided to play it safe and put into their final edition a story saying only that Aquino had been arrested on arrival. Without their own reporter present, *Post* editors were just not ready to rely on any wire-service account.

The *Post's* reaction underscored the dilemma of the Avis of wire services: U.P.I. cannot outstrip the dominant A.P. except by showing enterprise on stories; yet when it does, clients chafe that its ambitions may lead to carelessness with facts. *Post* Foreign Editor Karen DeYoung said that "it made no difference" that the assertive report came from U.P.I. rather than A.P. Still, quite a few news executives share the judgment of William Greer, associate news editor of the Miami *Herald:* "U.P.I. has had a reputation for shooting from the hip." Adds Greer: "They have done a good job the past couple of years overcoming that."

Even so, if the past few years have been mortally difficult for second papers—only 29 cities still have fully independent, competing dailies—they have been almost as perilous for the second wire service. U.P.I.'s longtime owners, the Scripps and Hearst newspaper chains, were anxious to sell; they were absorbing annual losses of up to $7.7 million. At times it seemed that newspapers kept buying U.P.I. just to maintain a competitor for A.P. (which draws 1,299 of the 1,704 U.S. dailies, *vs.* 629 for U.P.I.). Says Executive Editor David Lawrence of the Detroit *Free Press:* "We felt that if A.P. were the only game in town, it would be easier for it to become a little arrogant."

Securing a buyer for U.P.I. was not easy. The owners offered it first to a consortium of U.S. newspapers, next to the British-based Reuters news agency, then to National Public Radio, before finding controversial new proprietors in June 1982. Buyers Douglas Ruhe and William Geissler had minimal experience in journalism, but plenty in political activism: Ruhe, 39, was twice arrested for civil rights protests in the 1960s, while Geissler, 37, spent almost a year in federal prison for refusing to be drafted during the Viet Nam War. Both had been publicists for the little-known Bahá'í faith, a unitarian religion, founded 120 years ago in what is now Iraq, that claims 3 million followers. Furthermore, the two Nashville businessmen admittedly had little wealth, but refused to discuss the financing of their purchase of U.P.I. Insisted Ruhe at the time: "No one is behind us." As an unintended admission of unpopularity, that statement was uncomfortably true: their home-town Nashville *Banner* immediately dropped U.P.I. because of the furor.

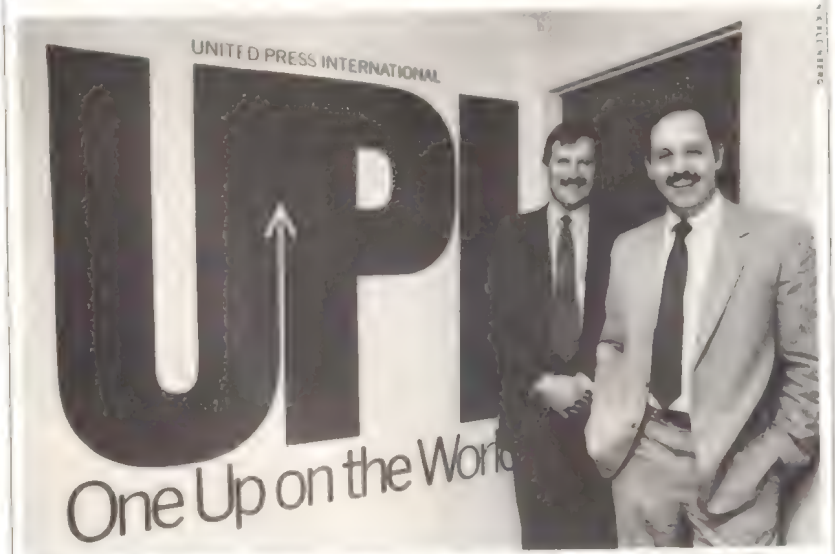
Things got worse. The Denver *Post* decided it could do without U.P.I. The Dallas *Morning News* also dropped out, claiming that it was being charged more than competitors. Other papers, including the New York *Daily News*, exacted costly concessions. Ruhe and Geissler did not help their cause much when they spoke to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Denver last May about why newspapers should subscribe to U.P.I. Said Robert Maynard, editor and publisher of the Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune:* "They shot themselves in all four feet with one bullet."

The climate of opinion about the service has improved since then. Among the pluses cited by editors: coverage of the White House, Poland, sports statistics and disasters, a traditional U.P.I. strength. In response to competition from the services offered by major papers, U.P.I. has shaped its appeal to smaller clients: the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* praises the new owners for adding a New Hampshire photographer.

U.P.I. still has the deep-seated problem of persuading editors that it is both credible and necessary. The owners have been more aggressive in cutting long-range costs: transferring editorial headquarters from New York City to Washington and financial operations to Nashville; spending $10 million on satellite hookups to save on telephone transmission; marketing computer services to newspapers. To work on the credibility problem, Ruhe and Geissler recruited executives William Small, a former president of NBC News, and Max McCrohon, a former chief editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. While cutting administrators, U.P.I. has added 20 news and eight photo bureaus and more than 50 editorial staffers, and beefed up its broadcast news-wire service.

U.P.I. is still losing millions of dollars a year, but the owners say that the numbers are improving (because the company is privately owned, its books are closed). U.P.I. gained a net of six newspapers this year, and says the second quarter was its best ever for new business: $11 million. Predicts Ruhe: "I think we will break even by the first quarter of next year." Contends Geissler: "From a business standpoint, the turnaround of U.P.I. has been done."

Financial analysts remain skeptical. Says John Morton of Lynch, Jones & Ryan: "U.P.I. is like a second newspaper—dispensable." In any case, even Ruhe and Geissler admit that U.P.I.'s hopes rest on the question of how many editors share the journalistic judgment of Michael Fancher, managing editor of the Seattle *Times*. Says Fancher: "We cannot live without A.P., but we equally cannot live with only A.P." —***By William A. Henry III. Reported by David Dawson/Memphis and Janice C. Simpson/New York***



View from the top: Owners William Geissler, left, and Douglas Ruhe at the New York offices

After controversy over finances, politics and religion, clients begin to voice approval.

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Hype and Macho Rhetoric

Ronald Reagan pays a lot of attention to what public opinion polls say, including those soundings taken by the White House. If these show him standing low with women, blacks and Hispanics, he is soon on television protesting that he has been misrepresented. If polls show people nervous about his foreign policy, Reagan turns up in a jauntily tilted overseas cap at veterans' conventions.

"If I were President of the U.S.," Irving Kristol wrote recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, "my first commandment to my staff would be: Thou shalt not permit a pollster on the premises." Kristol is a onetime leftist who long ago turned neoconservative (in his autobiography, Literary Critic Irving Howe recalls how he and Kristol held forth in Alcove No. 1 of the City College lunchroom in contentious dispute with fellow radicals, among them Trotskyites, socialists and other Marxist deviants, while Stalinists crowded into Alcove No. 2). Kristol's is a familiar and not discreditable shift in political outlook: he has described that earlier experience as the best education he ever got, but it did leave him with a certain tendentiousness in arguing. Thus, he complains that the "liberal media Establishment," by which he means the networks, the newsmagazines, the New York *Times*, etc., has "co-opted the opinion-polling profession," causing it to conduct "absurdly simple-minded polls." Presumably Kristol finds these poll questions more simplistic than Reagan's own explanations of his policies.

An ABC News–Washington *Post* poll shows that when there are conflicting versions of events in Central America, 49% believe TV and newspaper reports, while 37% believe Reagan. Kristol regards Central America as "perhaps the most flagrant case" of polls confusing the public and inhibiting proper presidential action: "If the Administration believes it is crucial that Central America not go Castroite, it should say so emphatically, argue the case clearly, and then do what has to be done swiftly and successfully." Such macho rhetoric often goes flabbily vague at the critical moment: Does "what has to be done" mean overthrowing Castro? Kristol does not say.

Kristol: No pollsters

Certainly there is much public confusion, ignorance and volatility about Central America. A CBS News–New York *Times* poll in June showed that only 8% knew which sides the U.S. supports in El Salvador and Nicaragua. The better informed were the more opposed to deeper involvement. Edward R. Tufte, a Yale professor of political science, concludes that since Viet Nam, Presidents can no longer count on uninformed loyalty: Reagan's problem is that he suffers from "uninformed skepticism and informed hostility." Yet Democratic presidential candidates are wary of this foreign policy issue, perhaps seeing themselves some day in the dock to answer, "Who lost Central America?" Tufte marvels that the Reaganites have successfully persuaded their Democratic rivals, Washington insiders and "the 50,000 people who matter" that the Reagan people "are really tuned in to America," even though, in polls measuring how well he is doing his job, Reagan consistently ranks with Carter among the lowest of postwar Presidents.

In a yet to be released poll, Lou Harris finds that Central America is proving a "disaster" for Reagan, undoing the confidence that an improving economy has given him, and reviving the old specter that he is apt to get us into war. Faced with rising criticism, Reagan blames the press for its "hype and hoopla," moving New York *Times* Columnist James Reston to observe, "On these two subjects you have to pay attention, for he's an expert on both." The President's own pollster, Richard B. Wirthlin, samples opinions frequently to give Reagan a measure of American attitudes apart from what Wirthlin calls "the din and tumult represented by the press and pressure groups." Presumably these polls prompt conciliatory gestures like Reagan's appointment of Henry Kissinger. But, as a White House friend told Lou Harris, whatever accommodations Reagan makes on domestic issues, in foreign policy he does not use "a criterion of political advantage."

A whiff of martyrdom has begun to rise from the lower levels of the White House. Faith Ryan Whittlesey, who is something called Reagan's new assistant for public liaison, says she is "appalled" by television news and thinks "the media have tried to portray what we think are the bad guys, the Communists, as Robin Hoods." Her office predicts that Reagan will be proved as correct as Churchill was in the 1930s, and his critics as discredited as Neville Chamberlain. To make such an analogy valid, the country's survival would have to be equally at risk, and the public would have to be convinced that Reagan has not inflated, wrongly identified and sometimes inflamed the problems of Central America.

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Living room of the Little House at the Metropolitan: response to a social riptide

Cantilevered table from Martin House

Design

Reassessing the Wright Stuff

New appreciation for a great architect's domestic interiors

A Frank Lloyd Wright Revival seems to be in the making. Exhibitions, symposia and books on the master's volcanic life and titanic work proliferate. One of Wright's two "Tree of Life" stained-glass doors brought $110,000 at Christie's in New York City in May, a record for an American stained-glass panel. Starting next week, 100 of his architectural drawings will be offered at Manhattan's Max Protetch Gallery for $7,000 and up. Wright buildings from coast to coast are being devoutly restored, the most important of them his first Home and Studio, on which construction began in 1889 in Oak Park, Ill. This boldly simplified yet intricate shingle-style house, along with 29 other Wright structures in its vicinity, attracts more than 30,000 admirers a year on organized tours alone.

Two or three decades ago, Americans regarded Wright (1867-1959) as their greatest architect mostly because of the furious stunts with which he reacted to the International Style—his spiraled Guggenheim Museum in New York City or his proposal to build a mile-high skyscraper in Illinois. The present revival, however, focuses on Wright's early domestic architecture, his houses and, significantly, their interior designs. Last year the Metropolitan Museum placed the reconstructed living room of his Francis Little House (1912-14) of Wayzata, Minn., on permanent display, joining the Temple of Dendur and other landmarks of the march of civilization. Wright was despotically insistent on designing every interior detail of his houses, right down to flower vases and table linens; he even wanted to redesign the telephone.

This aspect of Wright's work is exemplified in "Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," a show of more than 250 furnishings, drawings, photographs and documents that opened last week at New York City's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the Smithsonian Institution's national museum of design. The exhibition, which will run until Dec. 31, is an almost intimately informal survey of Wright's brilliant beginnings, from his tracing of a Louis Sullivan ornament in 1892 to his drawings for the Dorothy Martin Foster House in Buffalo in 1923, which marked a new direction in his work.

Wright started not with a style but with an idea, a *Weltanschauung*, a principle, which he called "organic architecture." What he meant by it was that humans are part of nature, subject to the laws, rhythms and mysteries of nature and happiest if they live in harmony with it, and their dwellings should reflect this unity inside and out. Wright's canon of organic design (which, being a loquacious and somewhat argumentative man, he often confused and even contradicted) is no Thoreauvian utopia. He shared the American faith of his time in the blessings of technology. "This thing we call the Machine," he said in 1901, "is no more or less than the principle of organic growth working irresistibly the Will of Life through the medium of Man." But machine products, he believed, must be designed by artists. The objects on view at the Cooper-Hewitt remind us of what could be achieved with such a shaping vision.

Wood grain dominates the form of a table from the Allen House

Wright was the leading exponent of the short-lived Prairie School, America's most successful attempt to achieve a national style, a unified design. The Prairie School emerged in the first decade of the century from a riptide of social change. Previously the American middle-class home was a small-scale, small-budget imitation of the English country house—backstairs, servants' quarters, butler's pantry and all. With industrialization and urbanization, however, the

servants left for factory jobs; fathers and sons and even daughters began to earn their bread outside the homestead. The household changed from producer to consumer, and wives became household managers.

Wright's response to this shift was to make the kitchen an efficient workshop and to gather the family around the hearth, as if to hold it together. Large, central fireplaces are the dominant element in his Prairie houses. Prominent chimneys stake them to the earth and provide structural support for the sheltering roof. The entire ground floor around the hearth is one room, a family hall flowing from the vestibule to the living room to the dining room. It is as different from the stiff, old parlor as it is from the informal recreation room of today's suburban home. As Wright saw it, the hearth was the place both to entertain guests and to relax in family privacy.

Stained-glass door in "Tree of Life" motif

The Cooper-Hewitt show only hints at this architectural premise of the Prairie house, taking it for granted. Nor does the exhibition play up the uniqueness of the school. The Cooper-Hewitt, set as it is in the ornate décor of the former Carnegie mansion on Fifth Avenue, is fortunately forced to forgo the latest museum-display fad of dark rooms with theatrically spotlighted star items. Instead, the objects are presented as a proud collector might show them to his guests. The viewer discovers for himself that it all adds up to a wonderful harmony, a unified style.

The early manifestations of that style—sketches for the Susan Lawrence Dana House of 1903 in Springfield, Ill., for instance—just barely escape the "hot breath of Victorianism," as Actress Anne Baxter, Wright's granddaughter, once called it. For the Darwin D. Martin House of 1904 in Buffalo, Wright designed a table whose cantilevers echoed those of the house itself. Later, in a chair and monumental dining table for the Henry J. Allen House of 1917 in Wichita, Kans., the style, still complex in its details, reveals itself in almost naked simplicity. The natural beauty of the wood grain dominates the form.

Wright eventually claimed that he created the Prairie Style "alone, absolutely alone," but the exhibition shows that the Prairie School was indeed a school. Many of its designers—among them, Walter Burley Griffin, his wife Marion Mahony Griffin, William Drummond and Barry Byrne—were closely associated with Wright as the Prairie Style developed. Mahony drew many of the exquisite pen-and-ink renderings that came out of the Wright office. Griffin went on to design Canberra, the Australian capital. The foremost interior designer working with Wright was George M. Niedecken, whose confident drawings deserve the special attention that the Cooper-Hewitt show gives them.

Most viewers will leave the show painfully aware of the qualities missing in our present surroundings. Foremost is the matter of scale. Although some Prairie School designs appear monumental, they are still comfortably related to the mortals who view them and use them. Wright, a short man, managed to give grandeur to a chair or a room or a house without intimidating us with its size. Nor does Prairie School ornament appear in the self-conscious manner in which post-modernists now glue or paint it on their designs. Wright and the Prairie School's precise geometric decorations—the leading on the glass, the pattern of brick and wood panels and curtains, the carvings of wood or stone—all seem organic, as much part of the object as the markings on the wings of a butterfly.

It may be that we suddenly take to the warm, womblike darkness, the friendly formality of wood furniture and the comforting earth colors of Wright's interiors because we desperately need what they convey. Although we may be fleetingly thrilled, we are surely not satisfied with what fashionable interior design offers today. The model living room, as depicted in the stores and decorator magazines, has become America's disaster area. We have a choice between bizarrely abstract furnishings in chrome or lacquer, alienated from living reality, and eclectic kitsch heaped on like the toppings on ice cream sundaes—not much of a choice. —*By Wolf Von Eckardt*

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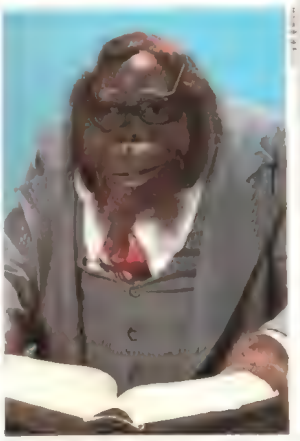
People

Class reunion: Giscard, Callaghan, Ford, Fraser and Schmidt stroll down memory lane at the World Forum in Colorado

It was a sour ending to an otherwise happy holiday. For three weeks **Christina Onassis,** 32, had frolicked on the beaches of Skorpios, made side trips to other Greek islands and nibbled—well, all right, feasted—on the local cuisine. But when the heiress boarded her personal Learjet to fly home to Nice, France, from Aktion military airport last week, an official took her passport and forbade her to leave the country. Reason: a pending court case in which the Greek government claims that Christina owes $33 million worth of inheritance taxes on her father's property. That was when Christina began throwing her weight around. She furiously paced the runway, screaming at everyone in sight and demanding to speak with her lawyer and Prime Minister **Andreas Papandreou.** After three hours, permission for her departure came through from an unknown—but obviously influential—source. The incident left red faces in its wake. Said Elefterios Kaloyannis, an M.P. for the conservative New Democracy Party: "We have ridiculed ourselves abroad for the treatment we gave Miss Onassis." Meanwhile, the Ministry of Economy was trying to determine who issued the detention order.

■

His unrestrained performances with **Clint Eastwood** in *Any Which Way You Can* (1980) and with **Bo Derek** in *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (1981) exuded an unmistakable animal magnetism. So now TV's trend venders have bestowed their ultimate accolade on **Mr. Smith,** 12: a show of his own with his name featured in the title, no less. In the NBC comedy series premiering this month, the 4-ft., 165-lb. orangutan plays a superintelligent primate who works for a Government-funded think tank in Washington, D.C. "Although physically still an orangutan, he has the mental capabilities of an Einstein," explains *Mr. Smith* Co-Creator Ed Weinberger. "Because of that, he becomes a valuable resource to this country, eventually getting involved in everything from MX missile policy to landmark legal cases." Gee whiz, and if the ratings ever flag, the producer could bring in Lassie as his secretary and Mr. Ed as his spokesanimal and Flipper as an offshore oil specialist, and . . .



Mr. Smith flexes his super IQ

■

They came to discuss the fleeting nature of political power, a subject on which all five were experts. Gathered together, along with nearly 100 economists, diplomats and businessmen for the Vail Foundation and American Enterprise Institute's second annual World Forum in Vail, Colo., were former President **Gerald Ford,** 70, an Institute Fellow; **Helmut Schmidt,** 64, Chancellor of West Germany from 1974 to 1982; **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing,** 57, President of France from 1974 to 1981; **James Callaghan,** 71, Prime Minister of Great Britain from 1976 to 1979; and **Malcolm Fraser,** 53, who was defeated as Prime Minister of Australia in March after eight years in office. During their three-day stay at the scenic mountain resort, the five former leaders reminisced, and criticized the policies of their successors. "What we have here," said a less than serious Schmidt, "is a beautiful experience: a conspiracy of former world leaders against present world leaders. But thank God none of us has the power to alter anything any more." —*By Guy D. Garcia*

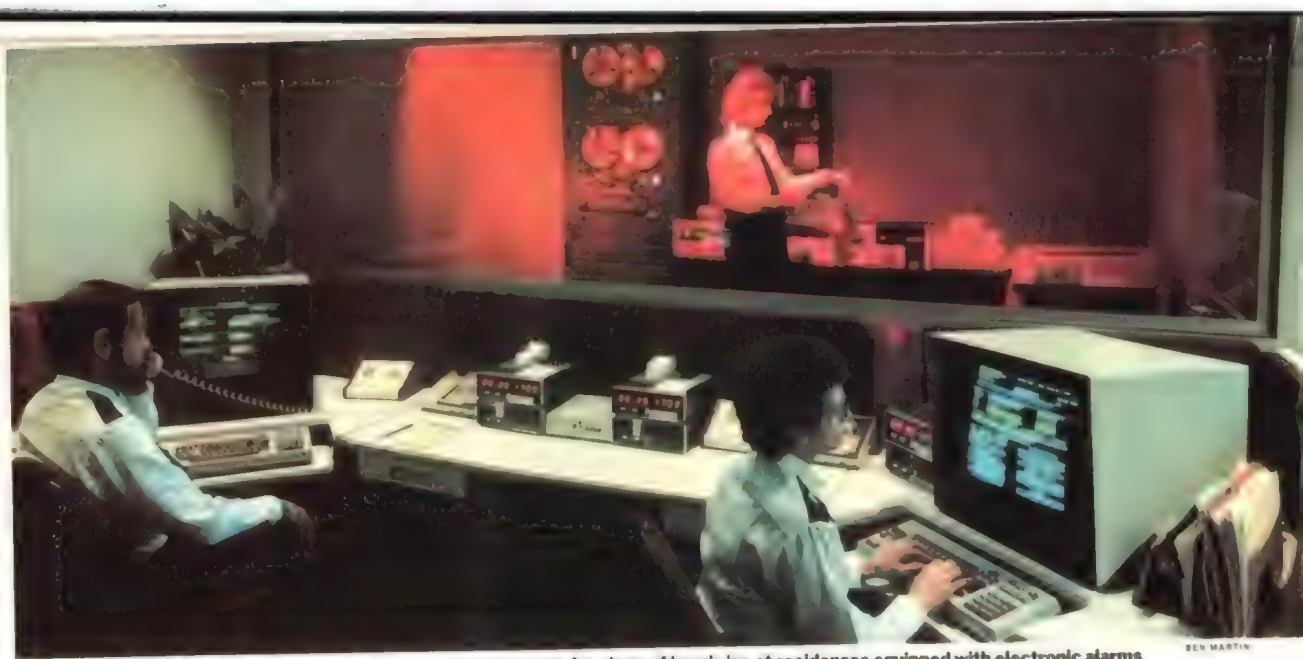
Onassis and her dog on the runway at Aktion airport

On the Record

Mimi Sheraton, after resigning a seven-year stint as the New York *Times's* restaurant critic: "I want to stop eating for a while."

Clarence Long, 74, U.S. Representative, on the low re-enlistment rate among Salvadoran soldiers: "They may be illiterate, ignorant peasants, but they're not that stupid."

Bill Blass, 61, fashion designer: "L.A. stinks, and I can say that because I'm not running for anything."



In North Hollywood, Calif., attendants scan screens and print-outs for signs of break-ins at residences equipped with electronic alarms

Economy & Business

The New Fortress America

Fear of crime transforms home protection into a runaway growth industry

In Phoenix, metal lawn signs in front of homes warn burglars that gun-wielding guards will greet them if they enter. In Cleveland, a school for canines turns tail-wagging family pooches into snarling guard dogs. In Los Angeles, uniformed attendants at a bunker-like command post study screens and consoles day and night, watching for signs of home break-ins. When an alarm goes off, they lift a red telephone to summon police, or bark out a microphone command that dispatches members of their own gun-toting security force.

Across the U.S., the rising fear of crime has turned the once sluggish home-security business into a runaway growth industry. Sales of burglar alarms and other residential safeguards have zoomed to nearly $900 million a year, up from $500 million in 1979, and are expanding at the dazzling annual rate of about 30%. Firms in the field range from industrial giants like Honeywell (1982 sales: $4.6 billion) to one-person outfits selling burglar alarms.

While costly security systems once were mainly for the rich, they are now being eagerly sought by the less affluent. Says H. Tim Crow, vice president and secretary of Atlanta-based Rollins Protective Services (fiscal 1983 sales: $28.5 million), a supplier of detection equipment and services: "Yes, we're still protecting the wealthy—athletes, entertainers, top executives, the heirs to fortunes. We've always protected them. But now we are also protecting the middle class, or the man who is retired and lives with his wife on a pension." A survey commissioned earlier this year by *Security Distributing and Marketing*, a trade publication, found that of some 42 million homes in the U.S., no fewer than 3 million had residential-alarm installations. Some 2 million of those were homes worth $100,000 or less.

A typical electronic surveillance system costs about $3,000. For that the homeowner gets a network of sensors that can detect break-ins. An intruder sets off a piercingly loud alarm and triggers a signal in the central monitoring station or at a police station. Charges for the monitoring service: about $30 a month.

For some wealthy people, electronic surveillance is not enough. They have taken refuge from crime inside enclaves that, like medieval towns, are surrounded by walls. The homes inside are generally protected by alarms as well. Such "gated-off" compounds include the likes of MountainGate (pop. 400), a condominium complex in Southern California, and the Palm Beach County community of Golf (pop. 110) in Florida.

Elsewhere, some frightened citizens are resorting to less elaborate precautions. In the Cleveland suburb of Garfield Heights, Nuns Mary Assumpta and Augustine Marie recently enrolled their Siberian husky Tanya in the nearby International School for Dogs. For about $500 per pet, that academy teaches normally docile canines to bark, growl and bite. "We've had occasions when there have been people trying doors," says Sister Mary of her 32-bedroom convent. At the school, Head Trainer Howard Denton said business stayed strong even during the recession. "Any dog can do protection," he asserts. "I've trained poodles so that they won't kissy-face everybody."

In New York City last week, visitors flocked to one of the largest displays of high-technology protection gear ever assembled. The vast and ear-splitting array was on view at the International Security Conference and Exposition. Among devices in the more-than-500–booth exhibit was a $2,000 alarm made by Texas-based Sennet Systems that is equipped with a computer-synthesized voice. When activated, the unit can phone a homeowner anywhere in the U.S. and use its 256-word vocabulary to alert him to the precise nature of a security problem. Linear Corp. of Inglewood, Calif., showed off a $199 outdoor surveillance system that, when tripped by an intruder, floods a home and its surroundings with up to 500 watts of light. Linear also displayed a $49, three-quarter-ounce transmitter that can be worn as a necklace. When pressed, it silently triggers a main alarm.

Although the exhibitions have traditionally focused on commercial and in-

Sister Mary Assumpta and her protector Tanya

A private security guard checks a household in the San Fernando Valley section of Los Angeles

dustrial hardware, nearly half of the items displayed last week were for residential use. "The industry didn't create this market," said Albert Janjigian, chairman of the Security Equipment Industry Association. "It was the increase in crime that did it." Janjigian called home protection the fastest-growing segment of the $20 billion security business.

Experts cite several reasons, in addition to a parade of scary headlines, for the rush to buy security equipment. The surge of women into the work force, for example, has meant that many houses and entire neighborhoods are now largely empty during the day. In addition, brisk sales of home computers, videotape recorders and other expensive items have left many households with more to protect.

Cutbacks in the amounts cities spend on police service have also helped fuel homeowners' fears. "People feel they're not getting enough protection," says Sergeant Norris Solomon, coordinator of private patrols for the Los Angeles police department. "A void has been created, and private enterprise has jumped in to make a buck." The Los Angeles area alone has some 500 security companies, roughly triple the number of just three years ago. Says former Los Angeles Police Chief Tom Reddin, 67, who retired in 1969 and now runs Reddin Security Services: "Business is crazy."

Homeowners are frequently galvanized into buying security systems after suffering a burglary or having one happen to someone they know. "There is a high correlation between the experience of crime and the purchase of security equipment," observes Samuel Hagler of the management-consulting firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton.

Many people claim that electronic surveillance offers peace of mind and a huge sense of relief. Ginny Tyzzer, a Los Angeles microelectronics inspector, paid $3,000 for a system last year after several houses in her area were burglarized. "It's a great comfort knowing you won't be surprised coming home," says she. "I don't worry about that any more."

The home-security boom has made winners out of many firms. These include Westec Security (1982 sales: $26 million), a California-based electronic-alarm maker that began twelve years ago with a $150,000 investment. Last year it was sold for $14 million to Secom Co. Ltd. of Japan. In Colorado, Denver Burglar and Fire Alarm Co. (1982 sales: $12 million) has quadrupled its residential business in just the past three months by offering a $595 security system that can be installed by one person in a single day. Three workers had previously needed up to five days to put in one of the company's $3,000 units.

Cable-television companies are also finding a market in home security. Warner Amex Cable Communications has sold protection systems through its security division to some 7,000 subscribers on its Qube cable service. A computer at Qube studios in four cities checks customers' homes every ten seconds through terminals mounted in the households and linked to the subscribers' television cables. Each terminal collects data from sensors inside a house.

Like many hot new fields, home-security equipment has attracted a number of fast-buck artists. "A lot of these guys have run in yelling 'The sky is falling, buy an umbrella!' " declares Los Angeles Police Sergeant Solomon. "There are boiler-room shops that promise the world but don't deliver. The situation is made-to-order for con men."

Some observers are now growing concerned that the home-security field may be overcrowded and that profits will start to fall. "The market is so fragmented that there are no truly dominant players around," says Garry Brathwaite, a leading security-industry analyst for Shearson/American Express. "Things are spread so thin that nobody will make any decent money." Brathwaite fears that the rising demand will lure a spate of new companies into the market and trigger a ruinous price-cutting binge.

The proliferation of home-protection systems is also plaguing police departments across the country with an epidemic of false alarms. Chicago police found that 98.4% of the security alerts they responded to in 1980 were caused by culprits such as cats, wind or even the midday sun setting off alarm systems. The Los Angeles police department now bills homeowners $42.50 for any spurious summons—but only after a maximum of four within twelve months.

The rash of false calls has been caused in part by security companies that relay incoming messages to the police without bothering to screen them. Many large and well-staffed firms, by contrast, first telephone the home to make certain that a problem exists. Some alarm systems even activate microphones that allow the distant monitors to listen to sounds inside a house. Companies promote such safeguards as major selling points for their wares. "False alarms can put you out of business," says Jerry Thompson, a consultant for Rampart Security Systems in Somerset, N.J.

Even the most costly safeguards can be useless, however, when people fail to exercise ordinary caution. "The real danger is still public carelessness," declares San Jose Police Chief Joseph McNamara. "Let your newspapers pile up on the sidewalk and you'll get hit, no matter how good a system you've got." Despite the outpouring of fancy electronic wares, he says, the best protection is still good locks and good sense. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles, with other bureaus*

Bearer of Bad Tidings

Penner becomes director of the Congressional Budget Office

"It's an ill office to be the first to herald ill," wrote Aeschylus, the Greek tragedian, in the 5th century B.C. By that standard, the director of the Congressional Budget Office occupies one of the illest offices in Washington. Since becoming the CBO's first director when the agency was set up in 1975, Alice Rivlin has had the thankless task of telling Congress how big future budget deficits will be and proposing various alternatives, most of them politically unpalatable, for reducing the shortfall. After eight often frustrating years, Rivlin, 52, last week turned that role over to Rudolph G. Penner, 47, a conservative Republican economist with a strong distaste for deficits.

Rivlin's final forecast showed the budget gap hitting a record $207 billion this year and then falling gradually to about $145 billion in 1986. Penner's predictions may turn out to be gloomier. Before being named to the CBO post, he warned that if Congress takes no action to curb the deficit and another deep recession hits, the shortfall could reach $300 billion by the late 1980s. While Penner favors cuts in federal spending to help close the budget gap, he also argues that tax hikes are unavoidable. Says he: "The only real questions are how much taxes will be raised and in what way. It's going to happen."

Penner brings impressive credentials to the CBO. As chief economist for the Office of Management and Budget during the Ford Administration, he learned how to find his way through the thick forest of figures in the budget. After President Ford lost the 1976 election, Penner joined the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative research organization in Washington, and became a leading expert on tax policy. Says David Stockman, the Reagan Administration's Budget Director: "Penner is the best available person for the job at CBO. He's experienced, knowledgeable and technically sound."

Rivlin, a Democrat whom some Republicans accused of being too liberal, announced her intention to resign more than a year ago, but political wrangling delayed the selection of her successor. Rivlin endorsed Penner, as did the chairmen of the two congressional budget committees, Republican Senator Pete Domenici and Democratic Representative James Jones. But House Speaker Tip O'Neill attempted to block the choice, preferring a liberal Democrat for the job. Ironically, Penner's calls for tax increases have been putting him at odds with White House policy and rankling a few congressional Republicans. After Penner advocated higher taxes at an American Enterprise Institute luncheon in June, a reporter asked him, "How can you hope to have a chance at that CBO job when you say things like that?" Snapped Penner: "I refuse to run a campaign for the job. All I can do is say what I think and not worry about it."

O'Neill quietly pushed his own candidate: Democrat Robert Reischauer, 42, a former CBO deputy director with solid liberal credentials. This move outraged congressional Republicans, who rallied behind Penner, arguing that the Democrats had controlled the CBO throughout the agency's entire history. Said Colorado Senator William Armstrong: "It's now time that the Republicans took a turn at bat." In the end, O'Neill relented, and a congressional selection committee approved Penner 10 to 0.

Stirring political controversy is an uncharacteristic role for the professorial Penner, who speaks with an economist's jargon-laden monotone rather than a politician's fervor. Observes Jack Albertine, president of the American Business Conference, a Washington-based organization of medium-sized corporations: "Penner's a technician. He's more interested in doing the job than in getting publicity for himself." Instead of being a star of the Washington cocktail circuit, Penner prefers spending quiet times at home with Alice, his wife of 24 years, and their sons Eric, 16, and Brian, 14. He delights in sailing his Cal 25 boat, which he keeps anchored in Chesapeake Bay.

Love of the sea comes naturally to the Canadian-born Penner, whose father was a Great Lakes freighter captain. After graduating from the University of Toronto, he came to the U.S. as a scholarship student and got his Ph.D. in economics at Johns Hopkins. He became a U.S. citizen in 1973. Penner was on the faculty at the University of Rochester in the 1960s but spent much of that time as an economic consultant in such underdeveloped countries as Tanzania, the Dominican Republic and Liberia, where he worked to help strengthen the country's tax system. In 1970 he joined the staff of the Council of Economic Advisers and helped set up the Nixon Administration's wage and price controls. Later, as a deputy assistant secretary in the Department of Housing and Urban Development, he headed an innovative program that distributed Government vouchers to low-income people to help them pay for private housing.

Penner plans no major overhaul at the CBO, which has established a good record for professional economic analysis under Rivlin. He would like to have more success than she did in helping Congress find ways to cut the budget, but he recognizes how tough that task will be. "Defense, pensions, health payments and interest on the national debt account for more than 80% of Government spending," says Penner. "They're not going to be cut much, and you can't get a lot more out of what is left."

For that reason, Penner will be exploring ways to raise revenues. He opposes a sharp increase in income tax rates because that might depress the levels of saving and investment needed to spur growth. Instead, Penner generally favors tax reforms that will encourage saving rather than consumption. One example: a closing of the loophole allowing interest on consumer loans to be deducted.

If the Government's books are not brought closer to balance, Penner warns, the economic recovery may fizzle. "Everybody's concerned about the deficit. The problem is that there's no national consensus on how to close it." As CBO chief, Penner will present the options, but only his 535 bosses in Congress can make the hard decisions. —*By Charles P. Alexander.*
Reported by David Beckwith/Washington

The conservative economist with solid credentials and a strong distaste for federal deficits

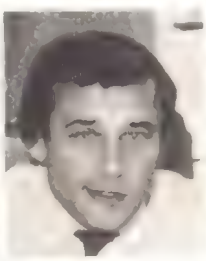
"I refuse to campaign for the job. All I can do is say what I think and not worry about it."

Sun City: a glittering $140 million oasis in the scrub-covered hills of Bophuthatswana

King Sol

South Africa's nightlife tycoon

When South African Hotelier Solomon Kerzner speaks, he comes across more like a New Jersey dockhand than a powerful executive. He talks machine gun–style, from the corner of his mouth, with an accent sounding a bit like Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*. Yet the former college boxer's pugnacious manner suits his controversial role in business. Kerzner, 48, is southern Africa's casino king. In a country so morally conservative that movie theaters are closed on Sundays and *Playboy* magazine is banned as the work of the devil, Kerzner has succeeded in assembling a $270 million hotel chain featuring gambling casinos, show business superstars, topless chorus lines and soft-core porn movies.



Hotelier Kerzner

Kerzner put himself in the spotlight last month when he carried out a series of deals that parlayed his local hotel interests into virtual monopoly control of casino gambling in all of southern Africa. The transaction sparked indignation from religious groups when it became known that the South African government, through its Industrial Development Corporation, was an unwitting owner of about 9% of Kerzner's new conglomerate of 13 hotel-casinos. The government's role seemed to put Kerzner's big deal in jeopardy, but last week Lady Luck came through for him once more. To avoid embarrassment, the government announced that it would sell all of its shares in Kerzner's venture to private interests.

Because all forms of gambling except horse racing are prohibited in the white apartheid portion of South Africa, Kerzner's casinos are springing up in the new black homeland states, which are nominally independent. His flagship is Sun City, a glittering $140 million oasis built in the homeland with the virtually unpronounceable name of Bophuthatswana. The state has a population of 1.4 million and an average annual income of less than $500 a year. The resort's slot machines, roulette wheels and befeathered chorus girls attract as many as 50,000 visitors a day, mostly well-to-do whites who make the two-hour drive from Pretoria and Johannesburg.

Unlike most of South Africa, homelands like Bophuthatswana allow blacks and whites to mingle openly. Still, South Africa is in such bad odor because of apartheid that Kerzner has to pay platinum-plated premiums to get American entertainers like Linda Ronstadt and Kenny Rogers to brave possible censure for having performed at Sun City. Two years ago, Kerzner paid Frank Sinatra $2 million for nine shows over seven days, charging up to $85 per seat. Although such prices create a kind of economic apartheid at the resort since most blacks cannot afford admission, Kerzner argues that Sun City is beneficial to the homeland because it provides jobs and tax revenue. Says he: "Sun City employs 3,000 people. That's good economics for Bophuthatswana."

Kerzner, whose third wife Anneline, 28, is a former Miss World, got his start in the hospitality business when he persuaded his father to take out a lease on a dockside dive in the city of Durban. He turned the place into a swinging pub and used the profits to build the first hotel in a chain that became known as Southern Sun Hotel Group.

In recent years Kerzner has eyed the U.S. for expansion. He failed, though, in an attempt earlier this year to build a $250 million hotel-casino in Atlantic City. New Jersey residents opposed to South African racial policies persuaded city officials to block the project. Kerzner's newest scheme calls for a floating casino, "a five-star hotel on water," that would provide ocean-going gambling aboard a passenger liner cruising between South Africa and Europe. ■

Novel Ruling

Software can be copyrighted

Copyright laws, ruled the U.S. Court of Appeals in Philadelphia last week, are "not confined to literature in the nature of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*." Having made that point, the court's three judges went on to extend the protection of copyright laws to computer software, the virtually indecipherable strings of 1s and 0s that give instructions to make a computer work. The software industry, which is expected to be a $6 billion business by 1985, according to Dataquest, a California research firm, has been fighting a rearguard battle to protect its programs from imitators.

The ruling came as a result of a May 1982 suit by Apple Computer (past twelve months' sales: $885.4 million) against Franklin Computer of Cherry Hill, N.J., which makes two machines very similar to those produced by Apple. Franklin (sales during the past twelve months: $44 million) has been prospering from the success of its Ace computers, which cost only about $900 as compared with approximately $1,500 for the standard Apple machine. Franklin admitted in court that it had copied the operating-system programs for the Apple but claimed that those were not protected under copyright law. The judges, however, ruled that the programs, which are written on silicon chips and stored inside the machine, can be copyrighted just like a book or a trademark.

Last week's court ruling is expected to have wide-ranging effects on the entire computer industry. Copying has been the most sincere form of flattery in the personal-computer field. Duplicating the operating software is the key to making a successful rip-off. Several imitations of the Apple machine are made in Asia and carry names such as Golden Apple, Orange and Lemon. More than 20 companies are manufacturing versions of the hot-selling IBM Personal Computer that use the same kind of software and perform similar functions. Said Albert Eisenstat, Apple's general counsel: "Franklin is going to have to do something more than free-load off our stuff."

IBM copycats are not expected to be immediately affected by the decision handed down last week. In the past, rather than seek copyright protection, IBM has widely publicized the design of the PC's internal software to encourage other companies to develop additional applications for the machine. But IBM's policy may change now that the courts have ruled that its valuable programs can be copyrighted. ■

Branch Pruning

Cost cutting hits local banks

Every Main Street, U.S.A., needs a few vital businesses: a grocery store, a pharmacy, a barber shop and a bank. So when the Bank of America decided to close its branch in Piru, Calif. (pop. 1,284), the residents felt stranded. They would now be forced to drive eight miles on a winding road to Fillmore (pop. 9,602) to do their banking. "We didn't realize that people would get as excited as they did," said Thomas Beeler, the bank's area manager, after facing 100 shouting citizens at a Piru town meeting.

Piru's plaint is one heard increasingly often as large banks prune their sprawling networks of branches in order to reduce expenses. This year San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank may close up to 29 of its 387 offices. New York City's Chase Manhattan Bank, which once had 220 branches, now has but 182.

In the days when banks were not permitted to offer a higher rate of interest than that set by the Federal Government, the financial institutions competed on the basis of customer convenience. Branches sprouted like hamburger stands as banks ventured into out-of-the-way places. Says Steven Rautenberg, a vice president with Chase Manhattan: "Since we couldn't offer market value on savings, we needed a branch on almost every corner to attract business." The total number of branches of banks in the U.S. increased from 21,880 in 1970 to 43,995 in 1981, the peak year.

But since 1980 looser federal rules have permitted banks to pay higher interest rates, and rising costs have forced bankers to watch expenses more carefully. Building a branch bank can cost more than $1 million, compared with about $350,000 for the automated-teller centers that banks have been installing at former branch locations and in shopping malls and airports. The machines also cost less to operate, about 25¢ per transaction *vs.* 50¢ with a human teller.

Meanwhile, back in Piru, Calif., the unhappy residents have won a reprieve. The Bank of America has agreed to postpone closing the branch until Dec. 31. During that time, local citizens hope to lure a new bank to town. ■

An automated teller at work in Los Angeles

Machines replace man along Main Street.

President Mitterrand visiting a champagne bottle plant where employees have a shorter week

Time Off

Sharing the work in France

French President François Mitterrand's plan to cut his country's unemployment rate seemed engagingly simple. If employees worked fewer hours, jobs could be spread among more people. Mitterrand's Socialist administration has thus pared France's 40-hour work week to 39 hours since taking office more than two years ago, and it plans to trim it to 35 hours by 1985. The government has also given the French a fifth week of annual vacation and has lowered the legal retirement age to 60 for workers who have labored 37½ years.

So far, however, the work-sharing scheme has fallen well short of expectations. Although planners had predicted the moves would quickly create 70,000 jobs, an independent study released in May put the actual number of new positions at between 15,000 and 30,000. "We found that there is a very weak link between the reduction in the work week and increased employment," said Economist Olivier Marchand, one of three authors of the study. Some two-thirds of the 3,700 firms surveyed said they had not added a single new worker since the work week was shortened. Meanwhile, the French unemployment rate has risen from 7.2% when the Socialists came to power in May 1981 to 8.3% in July.

The study contends that French workers have foiled the plan by refusing to take pay cuts to go with the shorter hours. That has left companies without new funds to hire additional people. Some European observers argue that such an outcome should have been expected. Says P.G. Klandermans, a social psychologist at Amsterdam's Free University: "Employees may take wage cuts to avoid layoffs, but that is maintaining existing jobs, not creating new ones. I've never heard workers say that they were willing to take home less pay to create *new* jobs for someone else."

The work-sharing plan may actually be worsening France's economic problems. One official estimate indicates that the measures lowered France's 1982 growth rate by .2%, to 1.7%, and accounted for .6% of its 11.9% inflation. Peugeot, the country's second largest automobile manufacturer, lost about $325 million last year, and blames the reduction in hours for some of that deficit. Peugeot said the scheme added $200 million to its labor bill last year, because the company has been getting less work performed even though wages went up some 11%.

Other countries are closely monitoring the French plan. Belgium, The Netherlands and Italy have launched similar attacks on unemployment. "Everyone in Europe is watching France as a pioneer in work sharing," says Susan Binns, an official with the European Community in Brussels. "The French have gone farther and faster than anyone else."

Work sharing, however, seems so far to be more successful in the U.S., where it is voluntary, than in Europe, where it is official policy. During the last recession, 134,275 workers in Arizona, California and Oregon participated in work-sharing programs that permitted them to get partial unemployment-insurance payments. An employee who works 20% fewer hours may thus lose only 8% of total compensation. At Signetics, a California electronics firm, some 4,000 employees spent fewer hours on the job in 1981 to avoid layoffs. Last year about 2,000 workers took part in the program.

French officials insist that their plan will eventually succeed, but they now make fewer claims about its potential as a simple solution for unemployment. Says Finance Minister Jacques Delors: "Work sharing should not be considered the principal instrument in the struggle against unemployment but rather an important tool." Concurs Michel Sailly, a spokesman for the pro-Socialist *Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail*, France's second largest union: "We realize that continuing on our path to the 35-hour week is not the only answer to unemployment, but it is still an important part of the solution." ■

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Me Caveman, You Munchkin

Ralph and Wanda analyze Reagan and Honegger

Ralph: Who are more civilized, Wanda, men or women?

Wanda: Women, of course. As far as I know, we have started no world wars.

Ralph: Right, my pet. So it is a fact that women are more civilized and not just a sexist comment?

Wanda: Why do I have the clammy feeling that you are about to bring up President Reagan's caveman remark?

Ralph: Probably woman's intuition, light of my life. Look, all that the President said was, "If it wasn't for women, us men would still be walking around in skin suits carrying clubs." Now that statement is a) complimentary and b) obviously true. Studies show that single men are more prone to depression, violence, neurosis and suicide than married men. So it follows that you women exert a civilizing influence, even if it happens to contradict current feminist dogma.

Wanda: Argued just like a man, Ralph—full of logic and deduction aimed unerringly toward a wrongheaded conclusion. Reagan's comment was a pat on the head: "You're a nice little sex, and you keep us men from going too far." That's a compliment?

Ralph: All right, he could have said it better, but not every slip of the tongue deserves a thwack with the feminist umbrella. Maybe the President just misplaced his English-to-feminist dictionary. Heaven help the poor President who talks about "mankind" instead of "personkind," or refers to the girls at Radio City as the Rockettes, instead of Rockers or Rockpersons, or whatever the Feminist Bureau of Word Control happens to want that week.

Wanda: A familiar but irrelevant diatribe, Ralph. It's not a matter of Reagan's language, but his unconscious sexism. Women are not animal trainers, born to keep you hairy-chested heroes from rattling the bars of your cage. That's just an updated version of the pedestal. Reagan knows less about women than I do about the far side of Mars.

Ralph: Or Oz. If he's such a wizard, you'd think he'd know a bunny from a Munchkin.

Wanda: Truly a terrific transition, Ralph. I sense that you are poised for two minutes of total overkill about Barbara Honegger.

VICTOR JUHASZ FOR TIME

Ralph: I wouldn't think of it, helpmate of my life. But just let me get things straight. Honegger's Washington *Post* article attacking the Administration's record on women's issues ends with the words, "Frankly, my dear, I don't think Ronald Reagan gives a damn." Naturally enough, that makes him Rhett Butler and her Scarlett O'Hara. He's the Wizard of Oz and she's a Munchkin. Honegger says she heard a voice or something telling her in January of 1980 that she was destined to carry the banner of feminism in a future Reagan Administration. That makes him the Dauphin and her Joan of Arc. Then she's into parapsychology, and, according to people in the Administration, she once said she was swept along by Halley's comet. That makes her Joan of Arc, Scarlett O'Hara, a bunny-Munchkin and the first passenger on Halley's comet. Seems like a normal feminist heroine to me.

Wanda: With all due respect and affection, Ralph, you are truly a swine. Barbara Honegger is a very bright woman, and she's right about all this. She said that business about riding Halley's comet was absurd. And you know she also denied hearing a voice. She said it was an intuition.

Ralph: Right. Her exact words were, and I quote from the *Times:* "I am honored to have been used by the Force, if you will, with a capital F, like in *Star Wars.*" That makes him Darth Vader and her Princess Leia. She may be bright, but I'm not sure I'd like to have her as my brain surgeon.

Wanda: Surgery is not the answer to your problem, Ralph. This whole thing is a sexist game by a cloddish Administration. Men can quit Government on principle without being called Munchkins. As for the bunny bit, Cap Weinberger or Melvin Laird could dress up as Santa Claus at a children's party without being turned into a national joke. Some people can even play opposite chimpanzees and still be taken seriously when they run for President. This is just a way of discrediting Honegger without addressing the issue she raised.

Ralph: Maybe she just lost her head, Wanda. Of course, that would make her Anne Boleyn and him Henry VIII. Loosen up, Wanda. Even you must admit she seems a bit odd.

Wanda: She wasn't too odd for the Reagan people to employ for three years. What's so odd about saying that the President's alternative to the Equal Rights Amendment—changing all the sexist laws and regulations—has gone nowhere in three years? Now we find out that the report on regulations won't be ready until next April. Isn't it amazing how many reports appear in the spring of election year—just in time to brag about and not enough time to act upon before the voting?

Ralph: You grow cynical, my sweet. Bureaucracy is rarely swift. Besides, feminists are only one of hundreds of interest groups clamoring for attention. The President gets shouted at by the handicapped, homosexuals, total women, gun worshippers, abortion fans and militant lacto-ovo vegetarians, all asking him to spend his political capital on them alone. A President has many fish to fry, and, alas, you feminists are just broiling the same old carp.

Wanda: Sheerest drivel, Ralph. The man's as sexist as you are.

Ralph: I am a feminist myself, dearest.

Wanda: If you are a feminist, I'm Bathsheba.

Ralph: But if you're Bathsheba, then I must be Gregory Peck. Why don't you be Barbara Honegger and I'll be the Cowardly Lion? Or you can be Bonzo, and I'll . . .

Wanda: Good night, Ralph, whoever you are.

—By John Leo

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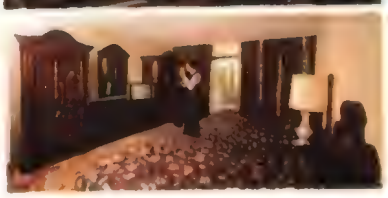

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Jackson's Day in Court

In which Mr. Browne, the rocker, testifies about lawyers in love

Hot torts? Flying briefs? What can the other trappings be? Well, "Ooh-sha-la-la." And "Ah-a-ah-a-a-ha." And, *in extremis*, after all other ancient echoes of Top 40 radio have been exhausted, there is always that lonely, sibilant warbling that sounds like a dance-band leader whistling inside a diving bell.

Take it straight from Jackson Browne, 34, sardonic explorer of all byways of the heart: these sounds are the mating calls of lawyers in love. The song title may sound like a goof, but *Lawyers in Love* is, in fact, a particularly neat juggling act from rock's foremost romantic prestidigitator. Part departure and part consolidation, it is the sturdy cornerstone of one of the year's strongest albums.

Browne is among the premier singer-songwriters of his generation. But that was the '70s, and the world is a few months shy of the most dreaded year of the '80s. Browne is ready for it. *Lawyers in Love* is full of dark Orwellian visions, leavened by some bright comic asides and lightened by some of Browne's most danceable music. The author concedes that the title track is "pretty sarcastic and maybe a little haughty," but its weirdly resonant images ("I hear the U.S.S.R. will be open soon/ As vacationland for lawyers in love") give it a power that lasts longer than any punch line. The song is full of laughs, but it is not a joke, just as the album, full of ominous broodings about personal loss and international nightmare, dances clear of being oppressive with its melodic lightness and buoyancy.

The deftness of the album, and its title tune, comes clear only after repeated listenings. (Fortunately, these are not hard to come by. The single is getting heavy air play and is No. 13 on the charts; the album is nestling comfortably at No. 8.) Lawyers in love may simply be liars who passed the bar exam, but Browne has no current musical peer at describing how mendacity of the heart can lead both to corrosion of the soul and corruption of the body politic.

His ruthless romanticism—the kind that can curdle into narcissism if the sun shines too long on it—gives his records some of the trappings of a visionary quest. Indeed, Rock Critic Paul Nelson has described Browne as a sort of rock-'n'-roll Sir Gawain. Browne never wears much armor—vulnerability is a great part of his appeal, both as a writer and performer—but in the past he would sometimes get knocked right off his high white horse by the density of his subject matter.

On *Lawyers in Love*, the lyrics are much more relaxed, the titles of the songs (*Tender Is the Night, Knock on Any Door*) either evoke bleary late shows on all-night movie channels or, as in *Downtown*, deliberately call up echoes of old songs for purposes of dramatic contrast.

TOM ENGLAND

In a relaxed mode: Jackson Browne takes his act to Atlanta

New songs with bright comic asides and a danceable beat.

The album's two most intense tracks, *Cut It Away* and *Say It Isn't True*, are almost as simple as plain chant. *Cut It Away* ("Somebody cut away this desperate heart/ Cut it away before it tears my whole life apart") is a racked-up love song about the dissolution of Browne's marriage to onetime Model Lynne Sweeney. *Say It Isn't True* is a stone-simple antiwar song, throbbing with a synthesizer line that pulses away insistently like the red warning light flashing on a war-room console. Browne makes no apologies for the directness. "*Say It Isn't True* is sincere to the point of being embarrassing," he says. "But not really. It's absolutely a prayer. It's me not caring if anybody thinks I'm corny."

Like most romantics, Browne has had to deal with charges of corniness and self-indulgence before. So have the best of his peers (Warren Zevon, Don Henley, Jack Tempchin). And like them too, Browne has been able to confound categorization by constantly challenging it. He grew up in Los Angeles and then a little farther south in Orange County, second child of teachers. His father was also something of a jokester (the name Jackson was partly inspired by a gag in a Crosby-Hope-Lamour *Road* excursion) and a reasonably hot Dixieland jazz player. Orange County, most renowned as the seat of Disneyland and a stronghold of the John Birch Society, got Browne going—away. He was playing local hootenannies by his late teens. Before he was 20, he was off to New York accompanying Nico, Andy Warhol's rock wraith. By his mid-20s he had one hit single, three solid albums and a reputation as the kingpin of the Los Angeles folk-rock scene.

Brown also had a fair portion of sorrow at the center of all this success. In 1976 his first wife, Phyllis, committed suicide, 2½ years after the birth of their son Ethan. He drew from this experience a formidable album, *The Pretender*, in which he fused personal tragedy with a more general portrait of a society shut off against itself: "Oh God this is some shape I'm in/ When the only thing that makes me cry/ Is the kindness in my baby's eye." Browne, indeed, writes wonderfully about fatherhood, even if the toll has been heavy. Ethan, now 9, lives with his father, while Ryan, 1½, is with his mother. "I have hope of finally getting it right, of finally learning how to integrate life as a parent and my life as an artist," says Browne, before admitting, "So far I've never really got them to go together."

What he has got together is his band. Playing without his wizardly accompanist and musical inspiration, David Lindley, who split off on his own 2½ years ago, Browne has cooked up a rock-solid band, so cohesive that it has become part of his creative process. "I started to take unfinished songs to the band and respond as a writer to their suggestions," Browne says. "Your instrument is actually the medium with which you're going to perform the songs. The band is now my instrument."

The five musicians have helped him cut away a lot. Browne's music pulses with a feeling of renewal and new possibilities. That desperate heart he sings about is his own lookout, however. It will likely remain intact, but in tatters, as long as he is writing some of the best songs west of the Rockies. —*By Jay Cocks.*

Reported by Denise Worrell/Atlanta

A Tale of a Bunny and a Mouse

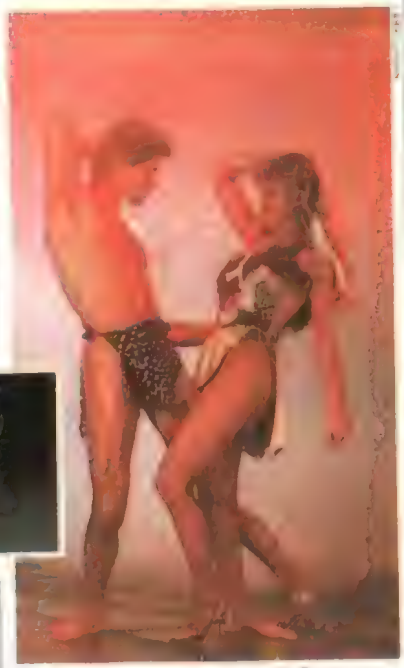
Playboy and Disney have fast-growing cable services in common

That's it. It's the ears. They both have big ears. In the iconography of American entertainment, there are two symbols that instantly conjure up one-word responses: Playboy's stylized bunny connotes "sex" and Disney's geometric logotype mouse suggests "family." But the bunny and the mouse have more than just prominent ears in common. Playboy equals naughty adult fun; Disney, wholesome kid fun. Disney and Playboy are both purveyors of fantasy: Playboy makes real women seem unreal; Disney makes unreal adventures seem real. The Playboy mansion is a sort of Disneyland for adults; Disneyland is the Playboy mansion for kids.

The symbols identify two of the nation's newest, fastest-growing pay cable services, both of which are aggressively capitalizing on their noted (and notorious) images. Since its start in November, the Playboy Channel has been adding subscribers at an average rate of 25,000 a month, yielding a current total of more than half a million. The Disney Channel, whose launching last April was the most loudly trumpeted in cable history, now has nearly 350,000 subscribers, or 75,000 more than the company projected for this point.

What Disney and Playboy offer, notes Paul Kagan, publisher of *Pay TV Newsletter* and a respected analyst of the industry, is "a departure from the essentially movie-based programming of HBO, Showtime, Cinemax and The Movie Channel. They are not trying to be all things to all people." As exponents of the technique of "narrowcasting" (aiming at a relatively small and well-defined audience), the two channels add what cable pros call "complementary tiers" to the mix of available programming.

The Playboy Channel, which airs daily from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m., E.S.T., is an expanded video version of Publisher Hugh Hefner's glossy magazine, minus the good writing. *Ribald Classics* presents soft-core, soft-minded dramatizations of often less than classic tales in a visual style somewhat reminiscent of gauzy old Clairol commercials. *Playboy on the Scene* brings the monthly centerfolds to life, though not intelligent life, in filmed segments showing their phantasmagoric photo sessions (as Miss December dutifully undrapes for the nth time, she purrs: "I'm a very touchy-feely person"). The two smirky anchors of *Sexcetera . . . The News According to Playboy* purport to examine sexual mores. One typically feeble attempt at jocularity: in profiling the teacher of an acting school for X-rated movies, the woman anchor remarks that the instructor "helps the actors stay on top of things."



Bandstanders gyrate on *Shake It Sexy*

The Great American Strip-Off is a continuing series of competitions across the country in which overzealous but ever smiling amateurs take it all off (except for a G string) in hopes of winning a crisp $1,000 bill. Marginally less revealing, but equally energetic, is *Shake It Sexy*, an intermittently topless *American Bandstand* for grownups. No matter how crude the content, the channel's packaging is often stylish, and its standard never exceeds medium-core (full frontal nudity for women only). It is suffused with blow-dried sensuality and is innocently convinced that S-E-X is the single most important thing in the universe, period.

The Disney Channel features hard-core wholesomeness for 16 hours every day. On *Mousercise*, mini-Jane Fondas are instructed to bend and stretch while imagining that they are puppets pulled by strings. *The Edison Twins* is a kind of scientific *Hardy Boys* in which 16-year-old twins discover the meaning of life and thermodynamic entropy. *You and Me, Kid* features a Pied Piper–like host who leads children through such activities as storytelling and "let's pretend" fantasies.

The channel's masterstroke is *Mouseterpiece Theater*, in which George Plimpton, doing a droll parody of Alistair Cooke, introduces classic cartoons from an overstuffed leather chair: he annotates a Donald Duck short called *Straight Shooters* by reciting a Baudelaire poem in French to explicate Donald's existential behavior. About 40% of the channel's programming is mined from the Disney library, a Golconda of 60 years of treasures that include 450 cartoon shorts, 561 episodes of *The Mickey Mouse Club*, 75 episodes of *Zorro* ("He makes the sign of the Zeee!") and 200 never-before-syndicated hours of Disney's long-running Sunday night series. (Not to be shown are 16 classic Disney films, including *Snow White* and *Fantasia*, which the company reserves for periodic theatrical releases.)

Mouseterpiece Theater Host Plimpton with Goofy

Filling the endless hours of their schedules without too much duplication is an expensive proposition for both channels. Paul Klein, the outspoken former NBC executive who heads the Playboy Channel, estimates that he needs at least 100 films annually to satisfy his audience. In the next year, 36 of those will be made-for-Playboy movies, with budgets of up to $1 million each and titles like *Black Venus*. The Disney Channel will spend at least $100 million on new programming during its first three years. President James Jimirro, a ten-year Disney veteran, has nearly 20 shows in development. One that

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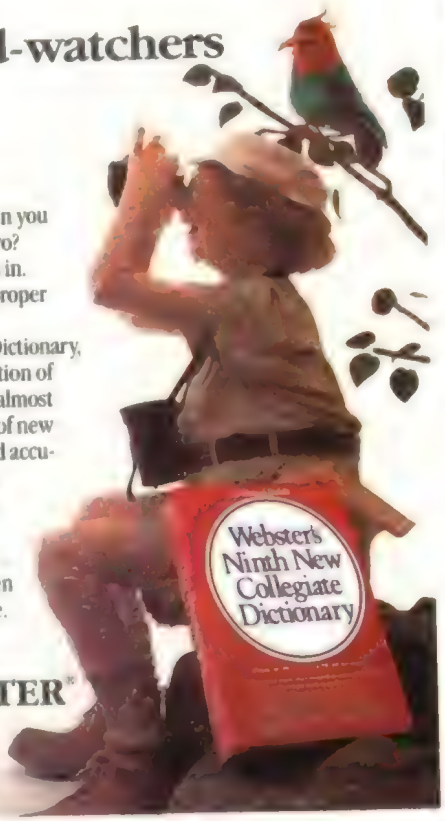

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will appear this fall is *Five Mile Creek*, a dramatic series set in Australia in the 1860s. Jimirro also plans to make six to eight movies a year. The first, *Tiger Town*, stars Roy Scheider as a fading phenom for the Detroit Tigers. It will air in October.

Some Disney viewers have complained that the service is too "adult," that its programming is oriented not to children but to nostalgic older viewers for whom the shows are a kind of video déjà vu. Jimirro acknowledges that 20% of Disney subscribers do not have children under 13. But he prefers to see this as a sign that the service offers "something universal."

The Playboy Channel, meanwhile, has a dual problem. Some of its viewers have complained that the channel is not hard-core enough, that it cannot compete with the X-rated fare that is readily available on video cassettes. Many local cable companies, however, resist carrying the service for fear of offending subscribers. Media Analyst Tony Hoffman, a vice president of Cralin & Co., notes that the companies "have a knee-jerk reaction: 'Oh, it's porn, I don't want it.' " Hoffman adds that "the operators who are trying to shun it don't recognize how harmless most of it is." Even when the cable operator does not object, the community might. Earlier this year, a grand jury in Cincinnati indicted the local cable company, which carries the Playboy Channel, for "pandering to obscenity." The charges were later dropped.

Klein maintains that the Playboy audience confounds these stereotyped attitudes. About 40% of Playboy's viewers are young singles, men and women; 40% are older married couples with grown children; and 20% are female heads of households, either divorcees or widows with young children. Overall, about half the viewers are women, says Klein. Such statistics are vital to pay cable's boutique services, since the focus needs to remain narrow but not too narrow. They need to appeal to new audiences without alienating their traditional constituencies. "The interesting question," muses Analyst John Reidy of Drexel Burnham Lambert, "is whether both Playboy and Disney have lost their historic grip on their clearly defined audiences."

At its current growth rate, Disney will probably break even in spring 1985, when it reaches 2 million subscribers. Playboy is almost profitable now, according to Klein, and will probably be in the black when it reaches 1 million viewers, which Klein expects will happen in 18 months or so. Indeed, the bunny and the mouse may one day make not-so-strange bedfellows in homes across America. Already some cable operators are offsetting anticipated community objections to Playboy by offering Disney as well. Ultimately, predicts Reidy, 15% of all cable homes will subscribe to both. —***By Richard Stengel. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles***

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In Search of *La Nuova Cucina*

Italian restaurants sizzle with invention and controversy

Now that the dollar is worth princely piles of lire, Americans in Italy should be getting more of everything for less, right? Yes, unless they happen to be gastronomical pilgrims in search of the Continent's current culinary wonder, *la nuova cucina italiana*, the new Italian cooking. In this case, the less-is-more rule applies. Also, less for more. *La nuova cucina* is found in expensive, often formidably serious restaurants, most of them in Northern Italy, where the fare is spare, artfully presented and somewhat outlandish. Surprising and a bit haughty, it has often been compared with the French *nouvelle cuisine*.

Ravioli Scaletta

Whether the new cooking style is delicious, desirable or even Italian, it has fueled debate as torrid as *peperoncino*. Italians are proud of their traditional cuisine and are particularly roiled by the notion that some ambitious local chefs are trying to Frenchify their food. The innovators are on the march, however. The Milan-based magazine *Italian Wines & Spirits* has reported, with some hyperbole, that they "are gradually transforming the laws and principles of the nation's great culinary tradition . . . The germs of the *nuova cucina* spread at the rate of a contagion."

The traditional cooking under challenge is usually described as *la vera, antica cucina italiana*, the true, ancient Italian cuisine. It consists of some 20 distinctive regional cooking styles that, for all their diversity, share a profusion of superb vegetables, game, fish and meat (Italians are the world's leading consumers of veal). Instead of aiming for symphonic blends of flavors, Italian cooking pays primary attention to natural tastes and textures and fresh ingredients. Pasta and in some regions rice dishes are an essential part of the *vera cucina*. Its dishes are characterized by locally produced sausages, hams, cheese, breads and wines.

In France, it is said, there is only one way to make a béchamel sauce; in Italy, *salsa bolognese* can be interpreted 50 ways. As Waverley Root observed in *The Food of Italy*, "While French cooking has become professional cooking even when it is executed by amateurs, Italian cooking has remained basically amateur cooking even when it is executed by professionals. It is, in short, home cooking, *la cucina casalinga*, human, lighthearted and informal."

Italians are notably chauvinistic about their food, but they have been traveling more in the past decade or so, especially in other European countries, and have been introduced to different adaptations of similar raw materials. They are also watching their weight. Good Italian cooking has never been particularly heavy, but people now want to cut down on its bounty. Fifteen years ago, ordering a half-portion of pasta was uncouth; now it is common. Nino Castorina, owner of Bologna's Notai, serves a slice of beef that is only 60% as large as what he used to offer; he is not economizing, just giving customers what they want.

Sole's Brovelli: Is it Italian?

Independent-minded chefs have responded to this appetite for change by nudging the *casalinga* out of the *cucina*. Their efforts involve a considerable sophistication in blending flavors and textures. Vegetables are palpably fresh. Cooking times have been reduced to enhance flavor; many vegetables are now steamed, which is a break with the Italian tradition. More virgin olive oil or walnut

Dinner at Locanda dell'Angelo, Ameglia: stirring a debate as torrid as *peperoncino*

Alfredo's chef Mazza and Minale

...ME by Vittoriano Rastelli

oil is used in the north, where butter has historically been preferred. Sauces, if any, are served under the food, not over it, and herbs are used with greater subtlety.

Like *nouvelle cuisine*, the new style favors exotic combinations, such as meat fillets with green peppers and soybeans, *risotto* with strawberries and nettles, and sweet-and-sour sweetbreads. Some commonly used ingredients are hallmarks, even clichés, of *nouvelle cuisine:* kiwi fruit, raspberry syrup and vinegar, thinly sliced duck breasts served nearly raw. The chefs also pay attention to lightness. Says Carluccio Brovelli of Sole on Lake Maggiore: "I don't fry. I don't use butter. I don't use cream." Last, but by no means least, they pay attention to presentation. A dish must be *bello da vedere*, good-looking.

New-style *risotto*

The most controversial departure by far is in the *primo piatto*, the first course, which follows the antipasto and is traditionally pasta or *risotto*. The creators of *nuova cucina* have almost declared war on pasta. Gualtiero Marchesi at one point eliminated it entirely from the menus in the Milan restaurant that bears his name, then compromised by serving *tagliolini* with cheese sauce after the main course. Marchesi later yielded to the extent of offering a cold spaghetti platter or a dish of precisely seven pieces of *penne* with asparagus tips and black truffles. "Why should I make pasta like the others?" he demands. "People expect research from me, discoveries."

San Domenico's Marcattilii and Morini

At Antica Osteria del Ponte in Cassinetta di Lugagnano, the only pasta dish on the menu one recent evening was fish-filled ravioli served, like Chinese *won tons*, in a soup. Says Owner-Chef Ezio Santin: "A good plate of spaghetti *all'Amatriciana* even my 70-year-old mother can make. But the ravioli you had here can only be done by a professional chef." Other innovative variations on classic pasta include ravioli stuffed with puréed asparagus tips and cheese, *tagliatelle* (thin ribbons made of chestnut-flour dough) with a sauce of wine and venison, and *gnocchi* with Gorgonzola.

No-noodle menus have become the focus for a variety of complaints about the new cooking. "It's not Italian," says Arrigo Cipriani, owner of Harry's Bar in Venice, a proudly traditional restaurant. What Cipriani and other critics mean is that it is French. Some practitioners of *nuova cucina* make no secret of the fact that they are aiming for a fusion of French and Italian culinary techniques. Indeed, several of the country's most brilliant younger chefs apprenticed in France. Valentino Marcattilii, 29, head chef at San Domenico in Imola, honed his art at four celebrated French establishments: Paul Bocuse, Troisgros, Pyramide and Roger Vergé's Moulin de Mougins. Even the term *la nuova cucina* is strongly opposed by some food experts on the ground that the appellation makes it sound as if the new style is simply France's *nouvelle cuisine*, Italian-style. In November 1981 the Club della Mela d'Oro, a prestigious association of restaurateurs, chefs and food critics, passed a resolution to the effect that the new-style cooking should be referred to only as *cucina italiana moderna*. So far, the term has had little acceptance.

The new approach is quickly spreading to the U.S. Two of Manhattan's outstanding Italian restaurants, Adi Giovannetti's Il Nido and Gianni Minale's Alfredo on Central Park South, are basically *nuova*. Alfredo Owner Minale felt that even the best Italian restaurants in the U.S. have interchangeable fare and have "become boring." With Chef Vincenzo Mazza he has completely renovated the menu. In California, Piero Selvaggio's Valentino in Santa Monica and Mauro Vincenti's Rex in Los Angeles have built their reputations on the new cooking.

Pina Bellini, who does most of the cooking at La Scaletta, an intimate place in Milan, says she has borrowed from the French but concludes philosophically that a great dish "comes from the heart." Some protagonists of the new style maintain that it basically descends from the cooking of the Renaissance, when Italy was Europe's most civilized country and its food the most advanced. Gianluigi Morini, the owner of San Domenico, aims to revive the cooking of the old nobility. In his rather cold, big-city establishment, Marchesi wants to elevate Italian cooking to "high culture." Angelo Paracucchi, proprietor of the innovative Locanda dell'Angelo in Ameglia, speaks of the need for more "professional chefs."

What the visionary Italian chefs foresee is a time when their country is full of highly sophisticated, handsomely decorated restaurants like their own, with more imagination and versatility in the kitchen. The result may be an amicable culinary coexistence, as in France, where provincial and bourgeois food flourish side by side with *haute* and *nouvelle cuisines*. Chef Santin admits, "I hope people will not come to like only this type of cuisine because there should be two levels." And will *nuova cucina* remain essentially Italian? Replies Marchesi: "If one succeeds in creating a grand cuisine—if this cuisine is art—then it is universal. If it is universal, it doesn't have any frontiers." Or labels. —*By Michael Demarest. Reported by Barry Kalb/Rome*

La Scaletta, Milan: borrowing is all right, but a great dish comes from the heart

You Get What You Need

THE BIG CHILL; *Directed by Lawrence Kasdan*
Written by Lawrence Kasdan and Barbara Benedek

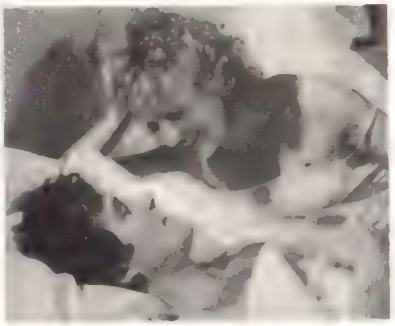
These Americans are in their 30s today, but back then they were the Now Generation. Right Now: give me peace, give me justice, gimme good lovin'. For them, in the voluptuous bloom of youth, the '60s was a banner you could carry aloft or wrap yourself inside. A verdant anarchy of politics, sex, drugs and style carpeted the landscape. And each impulse was scored to the rollick of the new music: folk, rock, pop, R & B. The armies of the night marched to Washington, but they boogied to Liverpool and Motown.

Now, in 1983, Harold & Sarah & Sam & Karen & Michael & Meg & Nick—classmates all from the University of Michigan at the end of our last interesting decade—have come to the funeral of a friend who has slashed his wrists. Alex was a charismatic prodigy of science and friendship and progressive hell raising who opted out of academe to try social work, then manual labor, then suicide. He is presented as a victim of terminal decompression from the orbital flight of his college years: a worst-case scenario his friends must ponder, probing themselves for symptoms of the disease.

Who are these friends, who "knew each other for a short period a long time ago" in a galaxy far, far away? Harold (Kevin Kline), the weekend's host, owns a burgeoning chain of stores that peddles overpriced sneakers to the jogging, today person. His wife Sarah (Glenn Close) is a physician who, five years ago, threw off the "disgusting curse of being a good girl" and had an affair with Alex. Sam (Tom Berenger), once a Movement rhetorician, went to Hollywood and became the macho private eye in a hit TV series, which one of his pals describes as "a sitcom with a machete." Karen (JoBeth Williams), who used to be a closet poet, is now the restless wife of an ad executive. Michael (Jeff Goldblum) made Alex famous by writing about him in the *Michigan Daily;* now he profiles 14-year-old blind baton twirlers for PEOPLE and tries vainly to assign himself a story on the lost hope he sees around him this weekend. "You think everything's boring," he snarls to his editor over the phone. "You wouldn't say that if it was the Lost Hope Diet." Meg (Mary Kay Place), a lawyer, got tired of public-defending minority criminals who "were just so . . . *guilty*" and went to work for a posh law firm whose "clients were raping *only* the land." Nick (William Hurt) went to Viet Nam and got his manhood blown off; now, the impotent cynic, he does and deals drugs.

One of the nice things about this funny and ferociously smart movie is that it is not only about the '60s. Instead, it works from several assumptions about those times to create an impromptu dormitory of likable individuals who know each other well enough to can the sloganeering. Much more is expressed by the way people walk and sit, by the not-quite-facetious insult, by the silent, shared memory. This is a movie about getting through a weekend without being bored or driven to tears, about bull sessions that become psychodramas, about making do and making love and making breakfast the next morning. Like John Sayles' fine film *Return of the Secaucus 7, The Big Chill* is a house party of reconciliation.

Williams and Berenger: flirting with memories



Kline and Close: surviving with good humor

Place and Hurt: friendship with no strings

The alien being here is Chloe (Meg Tilly), Alex's ex-girlfriend, a decade younger and more limber, monitoring the action with eyes that have seen it all and ain't telling. You have to make eye contact with this wonderful ensemble of actors; the pregnant or averted glances they exchange constitute a geometry of tangled passions. JoBeth Williams can say more by directing her big sad eyes off-screen than volumes of Emily Dickinson; in Mary Kay Place's squint is the weather-beaten humor of a career woman who wants an emergency jolt of motherhood; William Hurt's eyes move like restless laser beams; Tom Berenger's search the room in masked desperation, trying to crib emotions from his quicker, less guarded friends. No joke or gesture is forced in these performances. The eight star actors deserve one big Oscar.

There is another invisible presence in *The Big Chill:* that of Film Maker Lawrence Kasdan (Michigan '70). Kasdan came to a kind of shadow prominence writing scripts for George Lucas; if *The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Return of the Jedi* juggle craftiness with kid-innocence, it is partly owing to Kasdan's easy wit and trove of B-movie lore. His debut as a writer-director, *Body Heat,* updated the *Double Indemnity* plot with equal measures of fire and ice. *The Big Chill* marks another sure step forward for Kasdan. This is a movie that can exist outside the confines of movie genres, with characters whose lives seep outside the screen frame, who persuade the viewer to care about their pasts and futures.

It also boasts a great Greatest Hits sound track, which finds just the right comic or dramatic settings for such fine '60s songs as *You Can't Always Get What You Want, Good Lovin', Ain't Too Proud to Beg* and *A Natural Woman.* Indeed, the entire film is a kind of sock-hop benefit for Approaching Middle Age. This maturing generation never played *Taps* with such glamour or good humor. Play the music and let the big chill—the knowledge that "we're all alone out there, and we're going out there tomorrow"—melt away in the warmth of the feel-good movie of '83.

—*By Richard Corliss*

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READ TIME AND UNDERSTAND.

Bowie: a Kipling hero mired in atrocities

Stout Hearts

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE
Directed by Nagisa Oshima
Written by Nagisa Oshima and Paul Mayersberg

Java, 1942. A P.O.W. camp, where men are men—except for the Japanese guards, who are wily beasts. Through the sweltering days and ominous nights, three British prisoners run variations on the national character. Hicksley-Ellis (Jack Thompson) conducts his impotent belligerence by the book; ragged, resilient Jack Celliers (David Bowie) has the clear eyes and defiant smirk of a Kipling hero; Lawrence (Tom Conti), the camp translator, is an Oxbridgian humanist seeking a tunnel into the Oriental mind. Men are strong; men are shot; men fight on for their peculiar codes of honor. This is an art-house *Bridge on the River Kwai*, with neither bridge nor river, only a fatal, futile game that each side plays with different rules.

As he did in the superb erotic melodrama *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976), Japanese Writer-Director Nagisa Oshima is portraying—for Western viewers and his own Westernized countrymen—the social compulsions that once made Japan unique, and uniquely feared. In the earlier film, a prostitute and the husband of a brothel owner become casual lovers and then, following the logic of exclusive devotion, swoon into a passion whose fulfillment is violent death. In *Merry Christmas*, the viewer is thrown at once into the sadomasochistic excess of Oriental machismo. Here, every gesture of discipline, compassion, rage and honor is expressed by the blade of a Japanese officer's sword. Firing squads shoot blanks at condemned men; Japanese soldiers are decapitated as part of the hara-kiri ceremony; Geneva conventions are defied with a twitch of the captain's jaw muscle—all as ancient rituals of purification.

The performances are tense and knowing, including that of Ryuichi Sakamoto, who plays the young captain (he also composed the film's haunting score). But the *Merry Christmas* catalogue of atrocities finally becomes numbing, even ludicrous. Oshima describes the wartime Japanese as "a nation of anxious people who could do nothing individually—so they went mad en masse." Alas, he does not explain that madness; he only puts it on horrific display. —*By Richard Corliss*

Funny Faces

STRANGE INVADERS
Directed by Michael Laughlin
Screenplay by William Condon and Michael Laughlin

Tired of directors who spoof old sci-fi and horror movies? Who isn't? A genre spoof is usually an act of artistic masturbation: it exercises the adolescent imagination over an object that may have been too trashy ever to get excited about. In the process, spoofery tends to diminish both its own value and whatever power or charm the original work might have had. It is nostalgia calcified into camp.

Two cheers, then, for *Strange Invaders*, a fond burlesque of alien-visitors movies of the 1950s. Indeed, its story begins in that Eisenhower decade of blandness and paranoia. A spaceship full of E.T.s has come to earth on a 25-year leash; now time is up and, just before the aliens leave, some humans are getting nosy. Which are the victims, which the villains? Hard to tell, since the reptilian aliens have assumed human form—except that they dress, speak and act as if it were still 1958 and they were all featured players on *Father Knows Best*.

Alien changes face

Like the best science fiction, *Strange Invaders* is also social satire—in this case, on the very '80s belief that style is content, that anyone wearing or talking in the wrong fashion must be as odd as outer space. By slapping the two decades together (in Susanna Moore's knowing décor and costumes), *Strange Invaders* exposes the banalities and excesses of the popular art they produced. The classy cast (Paul LeMat, Louise Fletcher, Nancy Allen, Diana Scarwid) plays it deadpan but without a hint of derision, and coaxes the movie toward a full-throttle inspirational climax. As an evocation of the American '50s going on '80s, *Strange Invaders* is what *Twilight Zone: The Movie* could and should have been. —*R.C.*

Rushes

STRANGE BREW

Smart people can make the dumbest movies. Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis were the two brightest lights of *SCTV*, who stumbled into celebrity by impersonating a couple of Canadian oafs named Doug and Bob McKenzie. These Two Stooges of the Great White North sprawled about in parkas, plaid shirts and toques, guzzling their beloved Molson's and calling each other "hosers." Now they have been given 90 minutes of screen time and a license to steal children's lunch money. *Strange Brew*, which the two stars also directed, sets the Cheech and Chong of malt into an informal remake of *Hamlet* and includes "quotations" from *Star Wars*, *Superman*, W.C. Fields movies and Polish jokes. (Sample dialogue, Bob to heroine: "Hey, you're real nice. If I didn't have puke breath I'd kiss you.") On TV Thomas and Moranis are sophisticated parodists; on film they are clod farceurs.

CUJO

Cujo takes its ill-natured time getting its potential victims, a mother (Dee Wallace, who played a less anxious mom in *E.T.*) and her young son (Danny Pintauro), isolated from help and into deadly conflict with a possessed spirit. But it is worth waiting for the careful logic of Novelist Stephen King's plot to work itself out. For their demon is not from outer space or the weirder reaches of the occult. No, Cujo is a junkyard dog. But he is huge. And maddened by rabies. And thoroughly implacable in his need to kill. As he proved in *Alligator*, Director Lewis Teague is a sly and stylish merchant of fear; as she proved in *The Howling*, Wallace knows how to play a scared lady; and as he proves on the spot, little Danny Pintauro is an actor of uncommon appeal.

LIQUID SKY

Oddity-of-the-month honors go to this low-budget ($400,000) marriage of science fiction and punk. As if herpes and AIDS weren't enough to worry about, we now learn that aliens have come to earth to kill and vaporize horny humans during intercourse. Like *Strange Invaders* (a much better movie), *Liquid Sky* says that there is nothing more alien than an earthling circa 1983. The victims here are denizens of New York's underground—zombies of the spirit, existing on quick fixes of drugs and sex—for whom death is just the ultimate high. This kinky, doggedly erratic comedy was made in the city by Soviet Émigré Slava Tsukerman in a style that suggests a head-shop fire sale: garishly painted faces, a closeup of a heroin needle doing its dirty work, clever special effects, computerized colors bright as an acid dream. *Liquid Sky*, now playing to packed houses in a small Manhattan theater, is a two-hour act of imagination undisciplined by talent. ■

Climbing the Kremlin Wall

ANDROPOV *by Zhores A. Medvedev; Norton; 227 pages; $14.95*

The world knew very little about former KGB Chief Yuri Andropov when he succeeded Leonid Brezhnev as General Secretary of the Soviet Union's Communist Party last November. Almost immediately, a gaggle of professional and amateur Kremlinologists scrambled to fill the information gap. Thus far all but one of their books have been either disappointingly speculative or based on stale data. The exception is this lively and provocative portrait by Zhores Medvedev, an exiled Soviet scientist living in London. Medvedev, 57, relied in part on the scholarly skills and resources of his twin brother, Roy Medvedev, who has remained in Moscow and is the author of *Let History Judge* (1972), a monumental but unofficial account of the Stalin era. Roy Medvedev was threatened with imprisonment last January for continuing his research and writing.

Zhores Medvedev portrays Andropov as an austere, highly intelligent operator whose key weapon in his battle for Kremlin supremacy was the KGB he headed for 15 years. Andropov and his supporters relied on the intelligence agency to discredit the ailing Brezhnev, his family and network of associates. The Andropov aim was to pressure Brezhnev into resigning while besmirching potential rivals from the party chief's camp.

Medvedev offers some compelling particulars. In early 1982, he says, Andropov ordered the KGB to arrest two close friends of Brezhnev's daughter Galina for diamond smuggling. News of the arrests was leaked to the Western press, and Galina was dispatched to the Kremlin hospital, supposedly because of a "nervous breakdown." According to the author, Brezhnev's doubly distraught daughter attended her father's funeral in the company of two well-dressed secret policemen, who appeared to be members of the family. The funeral was televised live, Medvedev explains, and the KGB was afraid that Galina might cause a scandal by doing something untoward.

Brezhnev's personal reputation was further compromised when, as a result of KGB investigations, several old cronies of his were dismissed from high positions on charges of corruption. Then, two months before his death, an invidious attempt was made to display the leader as physically and mentally incompetent. On a scheduled nationwide television broadcast, says Medvedev, an aide, A.M.Alexandrov-Agentov, gave Brezhnev the wrong speech to read. After seven minutes, the aide interrupted his boss and put another text in front of him. Brezhnev looked puzzled, then lamely told his television audience: "It was not my fault. I have to start all over again now." The rest of the speech was read by an announcer. Writes Medvedev: "An error of this kind was unprecedented, and was inexcusable for an aide, who would certainly expect immediate dismissal." Although all of Brezhnev's aides lost their positions after his death, Alexandrov-Agentov was kept on as an assistant to Andropov.

According to Medvedev's unofficial sources in the Soviet Union, supporters of Brezhnev's hand-picked successor, Konstantin Chernenko, counterattacked by floating a rumor that Andropov was not Russian but half Armenian and a quarter Jewish. Since Stalin's death there has been an unwritten Kremlin rule that the party chief must be an ethnic Russian. In Medvedev's view, the tactics used by Chernenko's supporters were mere pinpricks to Andropov, who had gained the crucial support in the Politburo of Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov.

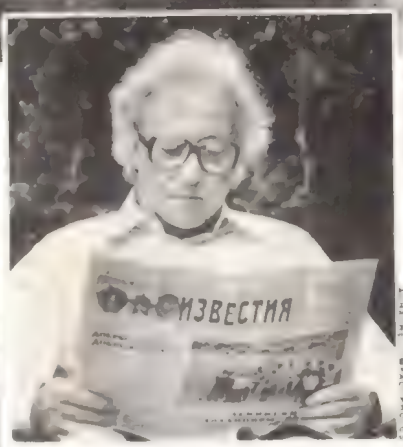
Medvedev's description of Brezhnev's funeral rites contains some wondrously macabre details. When the overweight leader's body was placed in its coffin at Moscow's Hall of Trade Unions, the bottom of the shoddily made box collapsed, and the body fell to the floor. A new, metal-reinforced casket was later taken to the burial site on Red Square, where it was supposed to be reverently lowered into an open grave. What actually happened remained unexplained to the millions of Soviet citizens watching the televised interment. The coffin proved too heavy for the two funeral attendants who were holding it, and it tumbled into its last resting place with a loud crash.

Since then, Andropov has barely mentioned his predecessor. Meanwhile, his much touted drive against corruption has continued to target Brezhnev's old pals, including General Nikolai Shchelokov, the former Minister of Internal Affairs. But the anticorruption campaign has affected too many highly placed officials, Medvedev notes, and Andropov's policy has met with powerful resistance. As a result, the drive has recently been toned down.

Medvedev argues that Andropov, for all his shrewdness, remains beholden to the old, entrenched bureaucracy. Now 69, he has "waited for supreme power for too long," says Medvedev. "If he wants to make his mark on history, he must move faster than his predecessors." Andropov's recent track record, Medvedev observes, indicates that he is capable of quick action in foreign policy but has repeatedly gone into reverse when it comes to meeting his people's main desire for "at least a moderate level of political democracy."

—*By Patricia Blake*

Pallbearer Andropov, right, at Brezhnev funeral; Medvedev reading *Izvestiya*



Excerpt

"To the general public in the Soviet Union ... Andropov's election was unexpected. His KGB background was not an encouraging omen [and his] election met with no enthusiasm. The first gloomy anecdote to circulate was probably an accurate reflection of the general feeling: Andropov explains to a foreign journalist that he is sure the people will follow him. 'And those who don't follow me, will follow Brezhnev.' A later anecdote maintains that the Kremlin will probably be renamed the Andropolis."

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Welcome to Ruburbia

The backseat of a Mercedes is piled with bags of chicken feed. A jogger is startled when Canada geese suddenly lift off from a soybean field. A sculptor thumbs through *Hoard's Dairyman* near the life-size statue of a Holstein, while down at Rose & Chubby's Luncheonette, commuters discuss optional features available on new eight-row corn pickers.

Where is this curious landscape of clashing images, this zone of hay and Harvard graduates, of pigs and Porsches, of pancake breakfasts and imported cheeses? This is ruburbia, a geographical mezzanine between the rural and the suburban. Ruburbs are small country towns barely within commuting distance of city centers, where agrarian values rub—and sometimes chafe—elbows with middle-class attitudes. They are tucked away in numerous places across the American landscape, from the sun-dried valleys east of Los Angeles to the wooded hills west of Boston. Once the ruburbs were self-contained farming communities, but the prohibitively pricey real estate of both city apartments and suburban homes is attracting metropolitan immigrants to places like Harvard, Ill., and Saugus, Calif., where the price is right, the pace is easy and the commute to work adventurous but tolerable. But native ruburbanites, who believe that they are insulated from the excesses and evils of the larger world, view with ingrained suspicion the invasion of aging Volvos, Cuisinarts and the owners who accompany them. The bittersweet confrontations between natives and newcomers across the vanishing cultural chasm of ruburbia are turning some traditional American beliefs inside out.

To a nation founded on waves of migration, ruburbia is an inevitable ripple. After the frontier rolled out to the Pacific, the undertow pulled it back to swell the cities. Then the movement reversed again, spilling millions into newly created suburbs. Meanwhile, the American countryside has been enjoying a resurgence. The 1980 census shows that after a decade of stagnation, rural areas grew 11.1% in population in the 1970s, to nearly 60 million people. The ruburbs fall into a demographic shadowland, at the far edge of the suburbs and the near fringe of farm country, where no statistics establish their health. What seems clear is that more and more city dwellers are fleeing to them, though not all of the newcomers can entirely flee the economic pull of metropolises. Most jobs are still in the cities, and ruburbanites orbit them like far-flung asteroids.

On a weekday morning in Hopewell, N.J. (pop. 2,000), a ruburb some 60 miles south of New York City and 40 miles north of Philadelphia, there is an actual rush hour, nothing serious by city standards but unsettling in a bucolic borough. Cars stream past the grave of John Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Once Hopewell was a quiet locale where farmers retired, and where the churches still outnumber the bars. Twenty minutes away, in the svelte suburb of Princeton, are a university, shops like Laura Ashley, the Nassau Inn and top-notch cardiologists. Hopewell, however, has none of those indications of status. In the blocks surrounding John Hart's monument are native carpenters, machinists and a variety of unemployed young men still living with their parents. They reside alongside such newcomers as a prison guard, a book designer, a stockbroker, a Princeton University Japanologist and one of the 75 women rabbis in the U.S.

What makes city workers move so far away from their jobs? It must be more than the almost nonexistent crime rates, the fertile gardens, the field for the pony and the inexpensive housing. Perhaps it is an old call in the blood, a genetic resonance of preindustrial life they only dimly apprehend and cannot express. But they are willing to spend hours each day getting there. Some commuters travel only from their outlying ruburb to factories and offices in the nearby suburbs. Others make daunting journeys by ferry, train, bus and auto into the distant caverns of megalopolis. Some of those who ride for hours across rolling landscapes have been known to fantasize about shooting semitrailers from the windows of vehicles, as their migrating ancestors did the buffalo.

Ruburban mothers, many of whom work in the suburbs themselves, put in long hours behind the wheel. Some ruburbs have school systems that do not meet the expectations of newly arrived urban professionals, so children are ferried to private schools. They must also be carted to orthodontist appointments and ballet classes in the suburbs. A commuting father, washing the station wagon on Saturday, has grown used to finding the remains of lunches and dinners that were consumed in the car as it made its way back and forth through the week.

Some ruburban immigrants escape the commuting routine. Airline pilots, who need to drive to urban airports only twice a week or so, praise the ruburbs for their closeness to nature and "quality of off-time." In McHenry County, Ill., which has a 160-acre minimum property requirement and where some pilots have their own landing strips and hangars, they hurry home from O'Hare Airport to don bib overalls and till their land as ardently as their native neighbors do.

The ruburbs retain specific flavors, unlike the homogenized suburbs. They also attract professionals who have been freed by home computers from daily treks to an office or have negotiated reduced work weeks. There are composers, poets and inventors. Ruburban life kindles in most newcomers a revived appetite for small-town particulars: sagas about infidelity, arson, inbreeding and limbs lost in hay balers. The ruburbs offer an alternative to the retirement meccas where senior citizens shuffleboard toward the inevitable, surrounded only by mirror images of their decline. Seniors on fixed incomes stay young in the ruburbs by mingling with children and young adults. When Sears Executive Dick Klein, 66, and his wife retired to Cloverdale, Calif., 93 miles north of San Francisco, they expected to visit the city at least twice a month. He rarely gets there twice a year. He is too involved in the local Lions and the Boosters and is a passionate follower of the Eagles basketball team. Says Douglas Rankin, the theatrical director of the Woodstock (Ill.) Opera House: "Nothing here really changes, but after a while it changes you."

Unlike the suburbs, many of which consist solely of 20th century buildings, the ruburbs harbor run-down Victorian- and Federal-era homes that natives often refer to by the name of the families who built them a century ago. They are advertised as "handyman's specials," and newcomers are dazzled by their charm and possibilities. Young homeowners cannot afford to have tradesmen restore them, so they hammer and paint in their own spare time. Conversation at backyard barbecues focuses not on which country club is the "right" one but on discoveries like Rube Goldberg plumbing in the bathroom or death-house wiring in the basement.

Newcomers may find local shopping a shock. The major mall is too far away to visit regularly, and ruburban stores, trying to attract both natives and newcomers, carry schizophrenic

Illustrations for TIME by Stuart Leeds

Essay

stock. The appliance-repair shop also sells running shoes; the wine selection at the liquor store shows promise, but the owner still recommends Riesling with meat loaf; the grocery displays bagels next to the pork chops, and one store may handle both hot tubs and pool tables.

The uneasy encounters between newcomers and natives in the ruburbs have historical precedents going back to Massasoit and the Pilgrims. The Indian chief surely wondered who were these guys in their buckled shoes and pale skins. The wood-stove installer emerging from the package store with a six-pack may also wonder who are these characters in their button-down shirts and patchwork shorts, and what are they doing with the *Economist* instead of *Dirt Rider?* In fact, what the hell are they doing *here?*

Everyone has heard endless clash-of-cultures tales involving summer folks who invade rural enclaves like Nantucket and Maine. Newly minted ruburbanites get to be treated like interlopers the whole year round. When one commuter stood waiting alone for the last morning train, a dog-walking native asked, "Train late?" "Yes," replied the commuter, thinking he was finally being accepted. "Good," said the native. "Maybe you'll go back where you came from." Sometimes, though, there will be touching signs of grudging welcome. A doorbell will ring, but no one will be there when it is answered. Instead, paper bags of tomatoes and zucchini, the bounteous excess of native gardens, will be left like unwanted infants.

Tenderfeet will find natives shockingly nosy. The plumber may ask personal, pointed questions of new arrivals. The auto-body repairman may insist on discovering how one likes local living before he repairs the station wagon that hit the deer. A simple request to have the Sunday paper set aside at the variety store may bring on a village history about how things have always been done and will never, if God remains in ruburban Heaven, ever change.

Indigenous ruburbanites have developed interesting ways to remind migrants of their presence. Inner-city inhabitants carry ghetto-blaster radios to announce themselves, but ruburban teen-agers favor, as the weapon of aural aggression, the 1973 Pontiac Trans Am with full-throat custom muffler. Rubber is applied to Main Street far into the night, accompanied by rebel yells and the shattering of beer bottles. Newcomers create different problems for the police. Although such naughty amusements are passé in the suburbs, the police chief of Harvard, Ill., had to ask the host of a nude cocktail party to pull the shades, and a Cloverdale, Calif., officer confiscated the large marijuana crop of an immigrant gardener.

Although Republicanism dominates in ruburbia, the struggle between natives and newcomers is not a truly political one. Like historic clashes on the frontier, ruburban stand-offs often concern land. Once it was the Johnny-come-latelys who disfigured nature and tamed the wilds, but the case is now reversed. The environmentalists sweep into town from the cities, demanding that nothing change. Movements to create historic districts are started by ruburban newcomers who want codes to protect the small-town flavor that drew them there in the first place. But longtime residents proclaim their right to add vinyl siding and aluminum tool sheds to their property. The ruburbs, after all, are a free-fire zone, where aberrant aesthetics are one of the pleasures. It is not, after all, Sunnybrook Farm any more than it is Haight-Ashbury or The Bronx. Notes Russell Minick, a newspaper editor in Newhall, Calif. (pop. 12,000), 35 miles east of Los Angeles: "To be a liberal out here means to be in favor of baffles on dirt-bike mufflers."

The stubbornness extends to community-wide issues as it did in the recent piggery war in Bolton, Mass. (pop. 2,500), 35 miles west of Boston. Newcomers, nervous about property values and ground-water pollution, proposed an ordinance limiting new piggeries in the traditionally pork-producing town to no more than eight swine. In the biggest turnout in village history, the issue was defeated by 110 votes. But the natives are worried. Selectman Charles Brown, whose son went to college on his pig earnings, says, "If it's pigs this time, will it be cows the next?" More likely it will be junked cars on lawns, a perennial ruburban sculpture form, at least as prevalent as the whitewashed iron jockeys in the suburban landscape.

How long will the ruburbs retain their flavor, diversity and individuality? Many are already being processed into satellite suburbs. For natives, some advances cannot come soon enough. Fast-food restaurants and discount department stores rise from wheat fields like architectural designer jeans, and zoning boards are favorably pondering plans for garden apartments with names like Executive Oaks that will replace orchards and pasture lands. Down at the new supermarket in Gainesville, Ga., a live-lobster tank has been installed. It is supposed to attract the gourmet urges of newcomers from Atlanta. But the new ruburbanites moved out there to experience the country, so they stock up on grits and black-eyed peas. Although the locals do not buy lobsters, they love to stare at the drifting, clawed shapes in the cloudy water bumping against the glass to escape. Danged if they don't look a lot like eager developers. —**By J.D. Reed**

Milestones

RECOVERING. Burt Lancaster, 69, rugged, resilient Oscar-winning film actor (*Elmer Gantry,* 1960); from a six-hour quadruple-bypass heart operation; in Los Angeles. Lancaster, whose 59 movies include *From Here to Eternity* and *Atlantic City,* is expected to leave the hospital this week.

EXECUTED. Jimmy Lee Gray, 34; for the 1976 killing of a three-year-old girl he had sexually assaulted; by cyanide gas; in Mississippi State Penitentiary in Parchman, Miss. Gray, who spent nearly seven years on death row, was the first convict executed in Mississippi since 1964.

DIED. Lawrence P. McDonald, 48, archconservative, five-term Democratic Congressman from Georgia, one of the 269 aboard the Korean Air Lines 747 shot down by a Soviet warplane (*see* NATION).

DIED. Simon Oakland, 61, husky, gravel-voiced character actor; of cancer; in Cathedral City, Calif. Best known as the abrasive psychiatrist who provided tidy Freudian explanations for the murders in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho,* Oakland also starred in three TV series (*Toma, The Night Stalker, The Black Sheep Squadron*) and portrayed a terminally ill cancer patient in the 1977 Pulitzer-prizewinning Broadway play *The Shadow Box.*

DIED. Jan Clayton, 66, actress who played the cherubic Tommy Rettig's wholesome, widowed mother on the original *Lassie* television series (1954-57); of cancer of the colon and related illnesses; in Los Angeles. The star of such Broadway classics as *Carousel* and *Show Boat,* Clayton sustained her career despite a number of personal crises: three divorces, the death of her eldest daughter in a 1956 auto accident, and a ten-year bout with alcoholism.

DIED. Henry ("Scoop") **Jackson,** 71, six-term Democratic Senator from Washington and one of the most influential figures in U.S. politics; of a massive heart attack; in Everett, Wash. (*see* NATION).

DIED. Charles S. Murphy, 74, influential adviser to Presidents; of heart disease; in Anne Arundel County, Md. A reticent lawyer and loyal Democrat, Murphy served as John Kennedy's Under Secretary of Agriculture and Lyndon Johnson's chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, but he was most influential as a member of Harry Truman's "little Cabinet" of advisers and friends, who talked strategy in the White House late into the night.

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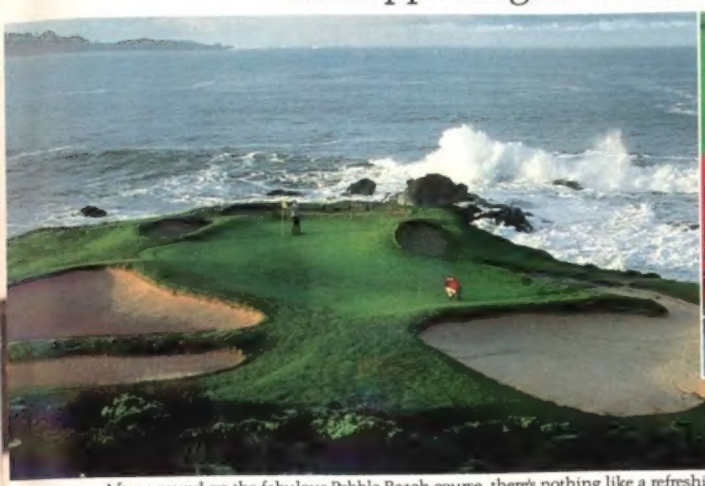


After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.

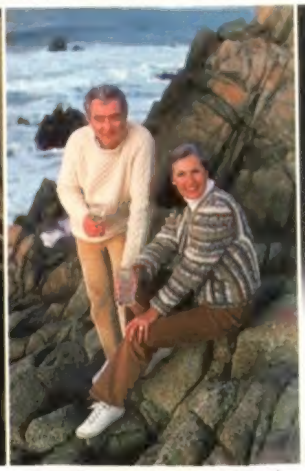
A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.

Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.

A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.

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